

LIFE IS AS SIMPLE AS ABC
BUT
NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER

A PRIMER FOR GRANDCHILDREN

(2) MERRY CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER 25: 1981
TO
STEPHEN C. WHITNEY

Charles J. Whitney

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DEDICATED TO THE GRANDCHILDREN
OF
CHARLES AND GRACE BUCK WHITNEY

2377 HUBER ROAD
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DECEMBER 25, 1981

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Dec 24, 1977

Writing your thoughts for the future and present may some day lead to something of great value. You might even find out something about yourself that someone else would never know.

Write down your questions so that someday you may be able to answer them and use your answers for something constructive and worth your while. Try and share what you have learned so others may learn from you.
your Grandson,
Alan Whitney

This letter accompanied by a blank, hardbacked notebook was received by the author as a Christmas gift on December 24, 1977. Alan had just past his eleventh birthday which was on November 14, 1976. The ABC story came to a conclusion with Omega in the spring of 1981.

August 21, 1981

Charles J. Whitney, D.D.S.

December 29, 1977

Dear Alan,

Thank you for the nice Christmas present in the form of the record book and your thoughtful request within. After reading your letter several times, I am inclined to think you should be writing this journal rather than myself.

However, I am certain you must have had a reason for asking me to do this, so with a few qualifications, I have every intention of at least making an effort to carry out your direction.

For example, I have never considered myself much of a writer, neither in the content of thought, nor the quality of grammar, sentence structure, and especially penmanship. The latter I credit to the fact that for so many years (seven) in college lectures I had to take so many notes for future reference and in order to record the mass of material, I developed a system of speed shorthand which was hardly legible to anyone other than myself and oftentimes I have trouble reading it. Consequently, I have chosen to type this message rather than to use longhand--then you can at least read the material; this is known as Hobson's choice, since never having owned a typewriter until late in life, you will soon note that my typing is about as bad as my handwriting. In addition, this is an old typing machine, and while in most instances, I am a good speller, I'm sure that a new typewriter would do a better job of spelling. If you feel this copy should need editing and correcting, I will refer you to your Grandmother Whitney, who excels in this department and, even more important, she has had a lifetime of experience in correcting my mistakes.

I rejoice that you have put no time limit on the essay, for it could take me another decade to complete this assignment, and by that time there will be a whole batch of new problems which will certainly alter the conclusions. However, I will work along with your suggestion, especially on rainy days and inclement weather, and from time to time I will submit the completed copy for your inspection. During these intervals we can discuss some of the thoughts which could prove to be the most valuable part of the entire experiment and in this manner you will not have to wait until the year 2000 for the egg to hatch.

Somehow I get the feeling you are interested in observations of the life and times during which I have been privileged to have been an earthperson, which would date back to the year of 1911 A.D. This, I believe, can best be done in a serial format, which I will work out in the near future. I have no desire to produce an autobiography or a chronology of my life, for this would be strictly from DULLSVILE, both for the author as well as the reader.

Obviously, your request poses somewhat of a problem at this point in history, since original, creative writing at the best has been difficult to contrive at any time - now the world is awash with the printed page and there is little remaining which could be considered an original thought or phrase - everything now seems to be plagiarized, more by accident than intent. I hasten to warn you that many of the observations as well as the conclusions contained on these pages have been adopted by others along the line.

History in the memory of the recorders seem to have a way of distorting the facts. For example, when Brigham Young, the founder of the Mormon Church, arrived more dead than alive at the location of Salt Lake City with his scraggly band of faithful followers, he pulled his fevered body up from his wagon, saying, "This is the place". Henceforth, he has been credited as the visionary prophet who by some divine judgement had discovered the promised land. What the recorders of this incident did not mention was this very revealing fact. Somewhere along the route west, Brigham had encountered a Lt. Fremont, the explorer, who was returning back home from his westerly adventure. Fremont had described the beautiful country surrounding Salt Lake, with its stately mountains, the pleasant climate and the huge salt flats to the Mormon leader. So this is what actually happened: when Young said, "This is the place", those who later documented the event, failed to mention that this place was the same that Lt. Fremont had told their leader about. So much of historical reporting is slanted by the hand that holds the pen. I use this little story to emphasize one point. Years from now, you may say, "Well, my grandfather told me this", when in reality, grandfather was only repeating something that a later day Lt. Fremont had told him. Furthermore, I can take no responsibility for the accuracy of names, dates and measure in the following material. This is consistent with many amateur historians who are, like the writer, too lazy to go into a library and search out the real facts.

Finally, I would like to point out to you right now that your interest in this subject is much to your credit - for either by intent or by accident, you have stumbled onto one of the secrets of survival and that is - learning from history, observation and equating the performance of individuals and events. This I will discuss in some future chapter on a rainy day.

Have a HAPPY NEW YEAR on January 1, 1978.

(A) IS FOR ALPHA
THE BEGINNING

In the time span which separates our ages when we would both be in our early teens, much has happened to the physical aspects of just plain living. In talking with you, I believe you would like me to describe what my world was like in that growing-up time where you are now in the year of 1978. So let's go back to the period of 1911 through 1921, when I was about the same age as you are now. I will not attempt to make any comparisons since you can do that yourself. Then, if you wish, you could continue the story for your grandchildren to read someday.

You should realize that I am giving you the observations of a country boy who grew up in Mexico, New York, a small, not too prosperous farming community on the southern shore of Lake Ontario. My parents were farm people, as were all of the other residents of our acquaintance, and we lived on a small farm where my father had many milk cattle, four large horses, pigs, chickens, dogs, and other small common farm creatures.

In those so-called "good old days," which they certainly were not, everyone I knew worked to provide food, clothes and housing, or what is known as the necessities of life, and other luxuries in a material sense were few and far between. In the short interval between your time and mine, the change in lifestyle is one unequaled in the history of mankind. The difference is best compared by the use of a kerosene oil lamp to the present nuclear-powered electric lighting system which everyone now takes for granted. Oil, which is so scarce today, was then in overabundance. In Pennsylvania, home owners would hand dig wells to provide much-needed water and, to their dismay, a greasy, tar-like liquid came to the surface. This dirty material of course spoiled the water, so they would fill in the hole with disgust, and moved on to another location.

At this time, World War I occupied the attention of the citizens of this rural, agricultural nation. The war seemed far off, since there was a great lack of communications. Without

television, radio, and even a telephone, the only information came from an occasional newspaper, and mostly from neighborhood rumors, which were highly inaccurate.

Throughout the entire country the work week was six days, ten hours a day or more, with Sunday respected as a national day of rest. The daily wage seemed to be about \$1.00, but \$5.00 would purchase more groceries than you could carry out of the store. It was an energy era of wood, coal and water power of a very crude nature. Water wheels still turned the wheels of the saws, drills and grinders which supplied the mills and factories. Wood and coal heated the water, which turned into steam power for boats, trains and generators of early electric plants. One of the early autos was steam driven and was called the "Stanley Steamer."

While life was a little more modern in the larger cities, the rural and small town residents made do without the pleasures of electricity, paved roads, radios, telephones, bathtubs, and, of all things, indoor toilets, and during the cold winter it was a long, cold hike to use the bathroom. Saturday night was bath night, and it too was a chilly experience usually taken in the kitchen in a round metal washtub, and don't think for one minute that each child had a fresh clean tub of water.

The heat in our house came from two wood-burning stoves. The kitchen stove also provided the heat required for my mother's cooking, and it also had a small built-in well which held a few gallons of water, always slightly warmed for hand and face washing. The water used for all household purposes was laboriously hand-carried from an outside well, which more often than not completely froze up during the cold winter. The other stove was located in the living room, called a parlour in those days, and the upstairs bedrooms were heated in a manner of speaking by the stove smoke pipes as they passed through the rooms. I can never remember being comfortable. If you were to stand in front of a large sitting room stove, you would be grilled like a hot dog toward the stove, while your backside would be like in Eskimoland; consequently the family would spend most of the winter in the

kitchen. The bedrooms were just like sleeping out of doors, and to keep warm at all required piles of heavy blankets that never seemed really warm until it was time to get up. Unfortunately, everyone got up early, as there were animals to be fed, fires to build, water to be carried, and all sorts of tasks known as chores in those days. My chore was to daily milk one cow to supply milk for the household. This I did grudgingly for about eight years, morning and night, 365 days a year. This task, in addition to giving me real strong fingers, also sold me on some other career than becoming a farm hand.

In spite of the rigors of such a spartan life, our family seemed to enjoy good health. There was no other choice. Basic medical care was afforded by two physicians many miles away, and there were no hospitals that could even be reached in the winter. People were born and they died without the benefit of medical assistance. The country doctor did make his rounds in the form of house calls via a horse-drawn buggy or sleigh, in which he carried his little black bag filled with mysterious sugar-coated pills, and his lunch. Surgery was limited to the setting of broken bones and the removal of arms, legs and fingers under the most heroic of conditions. The use of anesthetics as we understand them today was unbelievable. The doctor did usually carry some chloroform and ether, which would be administered by whoever might be available at the time. Obviously, the physician could not give the anesthetic and operate at the same time. Consequently, the patient had to survive pretty much on the merit of his own physical capacity, for often the treatment was worse than the disease. Under these conditions, it was not surprising that the infant mortality was high, and the life span short--for example, I do not remember any of my grandparents other than my paternal grandmother who lived to the ripe old age of 92, and, according to the family, she never had a well day in her life. In reality, she was as thin as a steel crow bar and twice as tough. It was the last of the survival of the fittest days, or, as a Dr. Osler once put it, "Up to a certain point, you can't kill a person, and after that, you can't keep them alive." To a certain extent that is

still true today--the hardy ones are the very young and the very old.

The early 1900's family was a fairly well-organized, close-knit group; by necessity they had to be in order to survive, for then there were no social agencies to care for the very poor and the sick old folks. Welfare was handled in what was known as the "poor farm", and it really was the end of the line. Consequently, the young had to take care of the old, and the average household had a sundry assortment of elderly grandparents and aunts who were waiting out their last days. Realize that there was no Social Security or nursing homes at that time. All who were physically able within the home were expected to do something in the way of work or simple chores which would contribute to the general welfare of the family. No one was exempt from the haying, threshing, filling silos with chopped-up corn called ensilage, planting and picking up the potato crop, piling up firewood, cleaning out the cow barn, feeding the cattle, chickens, pigs, and so on for a page full of chores which had to be done in good weather or bad.

The family seemed to claw their simple existence from the very poor soil; if there was any surplus, it was sold to the villagers or exchanged for staples, food and clothing at the village stores. Sears and Roebuck was very much in business, and their catalogue, then, as it is today, was the wish book of every household. We did have mail service known as the Rural Free Delivery, or the RFD for short, so we could send in our orders to the catalogue firms, and sure enough, in about a month the mailman would come by with the packages piled up in his wagon or sleigh. It was a great day!

Another institution was that of the peddler, who was a man that traveled the country roads in a horse-drawn closed-in wagon filled to overflowing with an assortment of household articles, such as kitchen pots and pans, spices, and simple necessities, as sugar, flour, coffee, tea, and salt. It always amazed me to see the vast quantities of goodies packed into his little wagon. The peddler's arrival was always announced by the clatter of the pots and pans as his vehicle came bouncing along down the rough gravel road.

Primary education was provided in a one-room, little red schoolhouse about a mile and a half from my home. The "Schoolmarm" presided with stern authority over a dozen pupils, and she taught them reading, writing, geography, history, arithmetic, gym during the recess periods, good manners and social graces, as the time would allow. She was prepared to instruct her students from the first through the eighth grades, and, in addition, served as janitor, repairwoman, firekeeper, grounds superintendent, and guidance counselor. It was a great system, because all of the grades were taught, and they recited their lessons in the presence of the entire student body. The bright student could hear all of the material presented to the upper classes, and could absorb as much of the advanced instruction as his mind would allow. On the other hand, the slow pupil had the advantage of hearing the lessons repeated every day, and such repetition quite often would eventually penetrate even the thickest skull.

Upon graduation from the eighth grade, the student was then a candidate for the village high school, which was about five miles away. There the education was basic, and everyone was expected to take and pass the regents examinations, and end up with a diploma; only a few continued on to college. You will be happy to learn that your grandfather was never the greatest student--he did get by and passed on up the ladder. I guess I was a late bloomer, who was completely bored by seemingly non-essential courses of mandatory education. However, by the time I finally did get into the dental college and found something that seemed to be more practical, studying became more of a pleasure and I was able to complete the course nearly at the top of my class. As your Great-uncle Dick has said, "We don't learn quick, but we learn good." I know now that all of those unrelated courses in science, history, English and the other liberal arts which seemed to be such a waste of time in my early days of study, were actually a most valuable background of general knowledge, and I am sorry that I did not appreciate them at that time. Hence, I have spent much of my later life reading and studying about facts of general information to make up for the lost opportunities which I had evidently frittered away in my early life.

The little world of which I was aware could be scribed within a ten-mile radius, this distance being a pretty good horse and buggy ride. To my best knowledge, there were no wealthy families, and oddly enough, no one felt that they were poor, for certainly it never occurred to me that we lacked any of life's necessities. There was always good food on the table, we always had clean, warm clothes to wear, so what else was needed? I think that the same condition existed throughout the nation, for in contrast to today's society, there were of course some very well-to-do families, but the mass of citizens could barely secure their daily living requirements. Now, in your day a cross section of society will reveal many well-to-do households, really not too many real poor, poor folks, percentage-wise (and they are cared for by public tax programs), but a large group, called the middle class, who have a standard of living that only the rich could enjoy in my day. I feel this has been one of the great advances in my life's experience over the past fifty years. It is the purchasing power of this segment of our population, buying goods and services as they do, that really makes our economy the envy of the modern world. If you would sit down and make out a list of your Christmas presents and multiply the same by the number of middle-class teen-age boys in the USA, you will get the message in a hurry.

When I was your age, it was an era when great fortunes could be accumulated, for the nation was an undeveloped treasure of unlimited resources, such as land, water, minerals, and timber. Many ambitious, hardworking and intelligent opportunists were able to acquire these resources and start up business ventures which would satisfy the appetite of the growing, expanding population. They were the builders of mills, factories, railroads, and cities with their housing complexes, which were in increasing demand. Labor was cheap and plentiful in the form of a constant stream of immigrants from all over the world. They arrived on our shores with just the clothes on their backs in most cases, but with the hope of finding a new and richer way of life. Most of them found it. From this springboard was launched the empires of the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Carnegies, Hills, McCormicks, Westinghouses,

and even the Sears and Roebucks. Then, of course, there were the inventors like Edison, Ford, Chrysler, Bell, and the Burbanks.

You might be interested in knowing that a Whitney by the name of Eli was credited with the first use of mass production. Eli was best known as the inventor of the cotton gin. However, his lasting contribution was the first use of machined, interchangeable mechanical parts. It came about this way. He had received a huge government order in the 1800's to make rifles for the U. S. Army, and in that day the making of such weapons was carried out in the time-consuming method of hand constructing one gun at a time. Rather than continue in this time-honored tradition, he first made all of the separate parts and stored them in boxes and barrels. Naturally, everyone thought that he had gone off his rocker, and would never finish the order within the time limit of the contract. To the surprise of his doubting competitors, his workmen lined up around the barrels of parts and quickly put them all together to assemble the completed weapons. A century later, Henry Ford used the same system to mass-produce millions of Model T Ford autos. This started the assembly line concept, which has made this country the original industrial giant of all time.

This whole era was one of opportunity. However, many of these industrialists and inventors have been criticized, harassed, harangued, and maligned as robber baron bandits, exploiters of the poor, and the Lord only knows what else. I feel this is quite unfair--certainly if they had not had the foresight to create these miracles, someone else would have done so shortly. I feel that they should have been held in respect for their ambition, imagination, tenacity, industry, and ingenuity. Surely the opportunity was there for all contestants and, like many races, some make it to the finish while others do not. For example, Goodyear discovered how to make hard rubber (vulcanite) while experimenting with a mix of crude, soft rubber and sulphur, which he accidentally dropped on a hot stove. When he tried to clean up the mess, he found to his amazement that he had made the first hard rubber known to man. During his lifetime he created many

uses for rubber and even had a company named after him. Did he become wealthy? According to historians, he died a poor man in spite of his contributions. They said he was a poor businessman.

By this time, you may have the impression that childhood in the early 1900's was a dull, grim experience--if such is the case may I hasten to correct this misconception. Young life in the country was an educational, creative and adventurous sensation, and I consider myself very fortunate to have had the opportunity. The small country boy was very close to nature and spent many happy hours out of doors, just observing, smelling, hearing, and just plain looking at things. In the winter, skating, sliding down hill, and skiing were a way of life. Except for strap-on, rusty skates, all of the other equipment was hand-me-down home-made articles from the attics of family and friends. My first pair of skis were made from barrel staves with crude leather harness straps to hold them on my boots, and since the hills were steep and sometimes icy, this gear worked out very well. When I was a little older, I became the proud owner of a Sears and Roebuck pair of skis, still with leather straps, but compared to the barrel staves, they were to me real Olympic material. With other boys in the neighborhood, we made ski jumps at the bottom of the ski runs and we soon became very good jumpers. Near our house was a huge swamp through which ran a wandering stream of water, and it was possible to spend the entire day exploring the mysterious ponds and bays created by the winding stream. We were always fascinated by a condition known as "black ice" in which the water, while frozen, was completely transparent, and we could see everything on the bottom of the river. Another daring experience was to skate over rubber ice, which makes a cracking sound as you skate over it, since it is not completely frozen over, and I'm surprised that we did not fall through and drown, because we had every opportunity to do so. We used to ride the large farm horses up and down the snowy roads with nothing more than a bridle to hang on with, since, except in the mail order catalogues, I had never even seen a saddle.

All of the school children walked to and from school and that could be quite an experience. Oswego County snowfall has the

reputation for being constant and deep; the roads were seldom ploughed or scraped, so we often had to resort to skiis, or hook rides on passing sleighs carrying a farmer and his load of milk to the village.

In the spring and fall, I used to set traps for muskrats, skunk, woodchucks, and rabbits. It was always exciting to get up early in the morning and cover the "trap line" to find out what had been caught during the night. Skunk and muskrats had to be skinned and stretched on a board to await the arrival of the traveling fur buyer, who paid me 50 to 75 cents per skin. It was not a bonanza. The rabbits provided food for the table, and I recall on one occasion my mother cooked a woodchuck, and it was very tasty. Fortunately, I caught very few skunks, because whenever I did, it was plain disaster, as I had to kill the animal with a club. By that time I was peppered from head to foot and smelled like a skunk for several days, and even after all of these years, there still may be a slight essence of skunk.

When I was a little older, I inherited from my uncle a single-barreled 16-gauge shotgun. Then I was really in my glory, for now I could shoot ducks and rabbits, without the benefit of a hunting license. You can see that I have handled all types of guns since my early boyhood, and I have only the greatest respect for the hazards of firearms. Anyone about to use a gun should give the idea a second thought, and learn all about its use before attempting to go out into a field to either practice or to hunt. It's not the guns that cause the accidents, it's the people who hold the guns.

Warm weather was the greatest time for exploring the forests, fishing in the stream and swamps, where I would catch the red-finned horn dace (which looked a little bit like trout), suckers, shiners, and bull frogs, which were all eaten with a relish. The same stream was a wonderful setting for making mill ponds, complete with miniature dams, waterwheels, and sawmills, which I used to pattern after the genuine article I had seen on logging trips with my father. Since we had no form of group entertainment other than the play activities in the school yard, and, of course, there were no radios or television, we had to use our own imaginations

to find things to do during the idle hours. It was not difficult to find creative, interesting and fun things to do to pass away the time, and the days seemed to speed by very quickly.

My mother did many things to make our childhood pleasant and educational; she was quite qualified to raise my younger brother and me, since she was an ex-schoolmarm and was accustomed in the ways of child education. She used to read to us by the hour, and did everything possible to arrange situations to stimulate our curiosity about nature and the world in general. Like all good mothers, she constantly stressed the virtues of honesty, hard work and high moral standards. We attended the local church regularly and especially so, since the church was the center of social activities, including Christmas parties, community suppers and summer picnics. My father was a self-taught country square dance fiddler, who did not know one note from another, but he could play anything that he could hear. During the winter, the families would get together for a supper and have a square dance afterward. My father, along with a few other self-taught musicians, would provide the country western tunes for the occasion, and, since the children were all put into bed before the dance started, the only thing I can remember was the problem of falling asleep with the sound of laughter and the bouncy do-si-do music echoing through the house.

Another incident I recall with mixed emotion. This was the hot August day that my father drove me to Pulaski, New York in his little Model T Ford pickup truck, for it was to be my chore to hand lead a yellow, Jersey milk cow back to our farm home, a matter of twelve miles distant. I was wearing a straw hat, overalls, barefooted, of course, and was provided with a bag full of cookies for the day's journey. I was instructed to stop off at any little brook so the cow could have a rest, drink some water, and eat grass by the side of the stream. This was a real pleasure because it was a very hot day, and while the cow was doing her thing, I simply took off my overalls and swam in the cool water, a la Huckleberry Finn. During the afternoon we ran out of cookies and streams for watering purposes, so I would stop off at farmhouses and ask for water for my animal; this request was never denied, and more often

than not I was given more cookies to replenish my fast-disappearing supply. After a long, hot, dusty barefoot day, we arrived back at home with the cow in much better condition than the cowboy. I think we traveled at the rate of under one mile an hour, which made the experience just one long day.

What started out to be a small glance into the life of a twelve-year-old farm boy in the early part of this century has turned out to be a longer story than I had planned. I guess I got carried away in the process of re-thinking the era, but your Grandmother says that is not quite the case. She says if you ask Grandpa what time it is, he will tell you how to make a watch.

I have to conclude by telling you that the next ten years (1920-1930) were exciting beyond all belief. During this decade came paved roads, electricity, telephones, automobiles, and all sorts of "new fangled contraptions" as the local neighbors called them. One of our nearest neighbors, an elderly gentleman, was expecially "agin" autos, and he vowed that he would never ride in one. He kept his word; he never did until the day he died, then he was carried away in a motorized hearse. The new paved road put a concrete bridge over the stream in which I had spent many happy hours at play, and the steam shovels and scrapers wiped out my favorite fishing and swimming holes. My little yellow dog passed on. I left the little red schoolhouse to go into the village high school, and shortly afterwards my family moved into the village where my father became a grocery storekeeper. I gave up my life in the woods and went on to another phase in my life, as surely you will do someday. It too was the end of an era.

In sort of a final conclusion, I must tell you how I became a radio nut. The first commercial radio station was started in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1920. Shortly afterward, I made a crystal radio which consisted of a crystal of quartz, a cat'shair feeler, a condenser, and a coil made out of a Mother's Oatmeal box wrapped with yards of copper wire. For the antenna, I had 500 feet of number 12 copper wire running in two strands from the house to our barn. This is more wire than WHAM now uses for its 50,000 watt transmitter. The station did not broadcast on any

regular schedule, but started about six o'clock at night and might last until ten. The reception was very poor during the daylight hours, but the signal was very good after dark. I had so much wire for an antenna that on cold winter nights the static electricity would jump back and forth between the metal fins of my condenser. Soon the neighbors were stopping by to inquire about the news reports and to listen in the headphones to the squeals and voices that came forth. My big day came when I heard the result of the Dempsey-Firpo boxing match. Dempsey won. Through the normal news sources we would not have known the result for several days. Mine was the second radio in the countryside and it was a real novelty.

This seems to be the end of my story, and I can assure you that the other letters in the alphabet will not be quite as long.

(B) IS FOR BALANCE

One of the greatest states in natural phenomena which you will encounter is designated by the word BALANCE. It is fortunate this word comes early in the alphabet because without balance there would be no need for the other letters which follow. You already know something about this word. It is the thing that keeps you from falling down when you stand up, skate, ski, or ride a bicycle. It is a state of bodily or emotional equilibrium. The more you think about it, the more wonderful and puzzling it becomes.

Balance affects the largest and the smallest. The tiny atom within the molecule is held in balance by some kind of a mysterious electronic glue. The universe whirls about through space in dynamic stability which is all held together by what is known as gravitational forces. Gravity. Think about it. This effect was documented and credited to a one Sir Isaac Newton, when the apple, for the second time in history, received recognition--this time it fell on Sir Isaac's head. Gravity had been around some billions of years before Newton got the message. Gravity has a way of keeping most everything in its proper place and acts in many ways. For example, should you drop a lead bullet from the muzzle of a rifle, aimed horizontally to the earth, then fire a similar bullet from a cartridge in the rifle at the same time, both would fall to the earth and land at the same instant. An astronaut on the moon weighs less than he does on earth; on Mars, if he could get there, he could weigh more. Gravity is the energy that moves some ocean tides from 30 to 50 feet above sea level in a daily sequence which can be predicted with unerring mathematical accuracy for years in advance. The laws of gravity are so firmly established that even the United States Supreme Court with a vote of 5 to 4 cannot overrule them. How come? Because the gravitational forces are in balance.

Do you realize our earth is constantly in several forms of motion that total something like 1.3 million miles per hour, but the system is so well balanced that you cannot detect it? Surrounding our little planet are electrical charges, known as

magnetic lines, which make your compass point toward the North Pole. Cutting these lines with a coil of copper wire will produce the electricity that lights up the darkness and makes our electric motors run. If you do not have a magnetic compass, you can always look up into the evening sky and find the North Star; it points north, and it is always there in the same place--by the courtesy of gravity and balance. By some coincidence, electricity and light both travel at the unbelievable speed of 186,230 miles per second, and the twinkle of light you see from the faintest star visible at night started its journey to earth many generations ago.

What has created these miracles? Even with the vast knowledge about science that we have learned over the past years, no one really knows the answer. There is little doubt these secrets of the universe will be exposed for all to see at some future date. Perhaps this will happen during your lifetime as I have had the chance to see the advent of the radio, telephone and television. Someone will discover how to upset the balance within the molecule of water and release pure hydrogen, the same gas from which the sun draws its source of energy. Our oceans will provide an unlimited supply of the water needed as a raw material for your future energy needs. Can you imagine an auto powered by hydrogen or some similar gas? Don't be surprised when it happens.

There is a balance in nature present for your immediate observation. For several years there may be too many insects, too much rain, warm, or cold weather, or too much of nature's things at one time, and any one of these conditions, if allowed to continue, would likely wipe out human existence as we know it now in our lifetime. Fortunately, after a few years, something seems to come along and counteract this imbalance, thus returning the situation to a more normal cycle. This temporary loss of equilibrium is restored by an effect called the "pendulum action", which is present in all living things, and exerts a force on their numbers, growth and social reactions. The pendulum effect, or cycle, seems to get errant systems back into balance.

Balance will make its presence known in your own life. Your personality will reflect your ability to stay in balance with your physical being, your education, your family, friends, social contacts, and your relationship with the world in general. You will need to be physically, mentally, emotionally, morally, and socially well-balanced. Frankly, I know very few individuals who are able to meet all of these qualifications perfectly at any given time, and this includes your grandfather.

What can you do to keep your balance? Unfortunately, not much, for what you are and what you will be has already been pre-determined in a greater degree by your genes (i.e., heredity), and partly by your present environment which has been excellent. Don't forget to congratulate your mothers and fathers on this latter item. The only thing I can think of that might help you keep your balance and over which you have some control is in the pendulum effect that I have discussed. If you feel that something in your personal life is getting out of hand, you can consciously take some action to swing the pendulum or equilibrium around to create a favorable reaction. The problem with this encouraging philosophy is one of diagnosis, for it is most difficult for an individual to recognize his own shortcomings. If you can find some way to step out of your own physical presence to a distance where you might have a better perspective of yourself--the solution would be self-evident and very simple. That approach will be the secret. Think this over, you might be able to figure it out. In any case, don't lose your balance--completely.

(C) IS FOR COMPETITION

You have already had an introduction to the word competition; for it is a contest or a match, a trial of skill or ability, the process of striving for profit, prize or position. It is present in all living things. The first gasp of a newborn baby is one competing for a breath of life-giving oxygen, and from that moment ever afterward the contest becomes a little more competitive. Many things have been called the spice of life, and I am certain competition is included in this spicy list.

Over the long run, the strong make it and the weak do not. In true harsh nature the unwritten rule is as simple as "compete or be destroyed" and this is nature's scheme to improve the strength of the strain or breed. In the forest, trees compete with one another in growth in a race to reach for the rays of the sustaining sun. The stronger grow taller. In the animal world, the weak are eliminated early in the game, and this act happens in many ways--some are actually destroyed by their parents or kin--others, unable to fend for themselves in the search for food, are allowed to starve to death and again it becomes the survival of the fittest.

As nations have become more civilized, many have attempted to create classless, non-competitive societies, and to their great dismay, the plan has not worked out too well because this philosophy has not been in harmony with the basic nature's plan. It seems that human beings have highly individual capacities to find a status which will identify them as leaders, producers, or followers, and at different levels of performance. Should you select ten persons at random and place them on a deserted island, within a year's time you could expect to find one who would govern, a few would own most of the worldly goods available, but the majority would be dependent on the efforts of the group, and for the most part, several would be just enjoying the scenery. In the game of living, there always seems to be a first, second and third place in all contests of endeavor, and often it would appear no relationship or qualification justifies the result. For example,

you will remember the story about the tortoise and the hare. Many variable factors enter into the equation, and I might get around to discuss this on another rainy day.

To date, the most productive nations in our present world have risen to a higher standard of living by embracing what has been called a society of "free enterprise." America has been the bulwark of this philosophy since the Pilgrims landed on the shores of Massachusetts. There are two cornerstones to support this theory: (1) the government is subservient to the citizens; and (2) for the person who can build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to his door. The latter is the whole nut to a competitive economy, and assumes the trapmaker will produce a cheaper, better trap. It's as simple as that. If such is not the case, a competitor will soon put him out of business. This type of a national economy has been admired and imitated throughout the world, and to this day, it has been a virtuoso performance.

However, it is becoming evident that there are a few chinks beginning to show in the armor of free enterprise. In my time the less complicated agricultural society was able to produce its own food and living requirements as a family group. They were not deeply dependent on other members of the community, much less the world society. Seemingly, as the world becomes more densely populated, it is turning into an "international family" which can no longer exist in smaller independent units. Earth's inhabitants are now increasingly dependent upon each other for food, clothing, medical care, along with other necessities of life. It would appear a great change in world social relationships is just over the horizon. While a communal concept of living has never worked out too well in the past--it may well become an idea whose time has arrived. Especially so, when you consider the rapid depletion of natural resources and the gradual increase of the world's population--soon there will not be enough to go around.

It is possible the completely "free wheeling days of the free enterprise economy" in which I grew up is fast fading into the record books, and who knows but its successor may beget a better

way of life for all. A readjustment of social mores will be required to meet this eventuality, and this well could be the challenge in your generation. You will have to compete, perhaps not according to the "laws of the jungle", but in a contest to achieve, advance and earn the respect of your fellow citizens, whoever they might be.

(D) IS FOR DESIRE

All normal individuals have an ambition to excel in at least one or more forms of activity. Should a person do better in his special endeavor than anyone else, then he is known as a champion. So now we have a question. What makes a champion? Many things, such as a natural talent or aptitude for his special feat which may help him along the way, but equally important is the factor of desire. Many obstacles may clutter the path to excellence, but desire can overcome unbelievable handicaps. If, within reason, should you choose to do something very well, your desire to do so will often count more than your physical strength, or knowledge about the subject. Should you be so fortunate as to possess all of these qualifications, then you can hardly miss.

Two examples. As a young boy, Glenn Cunningham was badly injured. I think it was the result of an accident in which he was burned about the legs. His doctors gave little hope for him ever to walk again, but not only did he learn to walk--he soon began to run. So run he did, and with so much skill, he eventually became an Olympic Champion in the shorter distance sprints. Ben Hogan, when at the peak of his career as a championship golfer, suddenly suffered a nearly fatal auto accident. He survived, and in spite of the prediction that his golfing days were over, he rose above this grim prognosis and went on to win several national golf titles. History is filled with similar illustrations in which individuals have risen up out of disaster and by sheer desire and determination have achieved recognition, seemingly beyond their reach.

A one-liner goes something like this: "Nothing succeeds like success," and I would like to add, "a little natural talent helps a great deal also." One time at a boxing match, one of the fighters made the sign of the cross with his fingers over his chest just before the contest started. A spectator who was seated next to a Catholic priest, asked, "Father, do you think that gesture will help the boxer win?" "Sure," replied the cleric, "if he can fight." Indeed, this was an honest appraisal of the faith, not unlike, "Trust in the Lord, but keep the powder dry."

Lest you might get the impression that desire as related to natural talent is the panacea for all human frailties, let me cast one vote for the latter. They are both important: I have always admired and respected natural ability or talent, and often with envy, especially in such accomplishments as music (I'm practically tone deaf), sculpture, drawing, and sports requiring muscular coordination. A talent surely is a God-given asset, and I would suggest you identify your natural talents early in life and exploit them to the utmost. In this manner you will be participating in something you are able to do very well and accept the fact that no one has the same talent for everything.

A simple illustration of talent concerns a rustic, rural character who lived just outside a small Vermont tourist village. During the season he would sit on the steps of the local grocery store and carve the most natural-looking bears that you ever did see, out of a rough block of soft pine wood. These he would whittle out with incredible speed and sell them to the tourists for thirty-five cents each. One day a customer congratulated him on the quality of his effort and remarked, "It must take a lot of skill to carve out those lifelike little animals." "Naw," he replied, "don't take no skill atall, you just look into the wood until you see a bear, then you cut out around him." The talent, as you have already guessed, is seeing the bear.

(E) IS FOR EDUCATION

This topic will be difficult to begin and even more so to end. I am tempted to substitute a less explosive subject, such as endive or evergreens. However, for you with a lifetime of educational years in the future, this discussion should be included in the agenda.

Basically, education is the training of the mental and moral power, as by a system of study and discipline; also, the system itself and the knowledge and abilities gained by such training. You should avail yourself objectively of all the education possible whether it comes from school, experience or observation. Your twelve years of mandatory public school education will provide you with only the basic tools to get yourself launched into society, so learn those lessons well.

Early in this century, securing a high school diploma was a feat compared to a liberal arts college degree today. In that era there were only a few colleges and consequently not many high school graduates continued down the educational trail. This worked out quite well, for unless a student wanted to become a professional such as a doctor, lawyer or a teacher, he could compete in the job market with just a high school regents diploma. Such is not the case today. Vocations are now so varied and so highly specialized due to the new highly technical developments, students are finding out that at least four years of college are required as a minimum, and many continue on for additional study in graduate schools. As you will soon find out, the educational pudding has thickened over the past fifty years. This is especially true, since the high school curriculum is not as demanding as it was in my day. Perhaps I should amend that statement by pointing out a change of educational philosophy which seems to be necessary in this time of expanding population. Education through high school is a democratic right for all children in this country, and they all are entitled to this opportunity. In fact, they are required by law to attend the tax-supported schools for this period of time.

In an effort to keep some of these students in school for a long twelve years, the quality of requirements has been diluted to accommodate the mass of young people, who, frankly, have a learning problem and couldn't care less about securing any education, but by law are required to serve out their time. As a result of this consequence, too many of these pseudo high school graduates are hardly able to read, write or understand simple arithmetic. As you can easily see, this segment of society is completely unprepared to find employment which will require slightly more than their physical presence. To the credit of our educators, the trade schools are at long last receiving the attention which has been long overdue. Finally, for the deserving student who has neither the desire nor aptitude to continue on to college, there is now an opportunity to learn a trade under competent instruction and supervision. I am not trying to belittle the merits of learning a trade, for in today's highly service-oriented economy, the conscientious tradesperson can compete handily with college graduates.

When I see all of these bright young people who are denied the opportunity of continuing on to the professional schools of their choice, due to the unreal competition for a place in the freshman class, I have a genuine feeling that had I been subjected to such keen entrance requirements at the time of my college training, then I might have ended up an electrician or a radio repairman. Now that I can see the entire picture, I doubt if I would have had any misgivings with such a turn of events.

The learning process which you will experience in your classrooms will whet your thirst for more knowledge and will kindle your curiosity for more information about the subjects you are studying. You will be filling up a well of general facts of significant importance; from this reservoir you will be able to withdraw knowledge necessary to make decisions and judgments so vital to your future well-being. For knowledge is the fruit of education, and I hope you will cultivate this plant carefully.

For many years your formal education will be quite general in nature, and will become a platform for your eventual decision of a suitable vocation. While this day may seem far off in the future, you will be amazed how quickly the school years pass by, and all of a sudden--the question--what am I going to do the rest of my life? May I suggest you start thinking about that possibility right now. Be conscious of your natural talents, what can you do well and what do you like to do; then try to work these qualifications into an associated vocation. The message I have for you is written in stone. People are happier, healthier and more content in facing life's stress if they are able to work at a vocation they enjoy--then it is not work at all--it's fun; and any financial return gained as a result will become a real fringe benefit. Too often parents overlook this truism; they want the offspring to select a work way of life to which they themselves might aspire, when in fact the youngster, while perhaps having the aptitude, does not have the slightest desire to pursue the suggested occupation. Such an impasse usually ends up in sheer disaster for all parties concerned.

The above paragraph will be of little consequence to you or for any of my other grandchildren; I only mention this as an observation of a situation seen often in the families of friends and acquaintances, many of whom have successful businesses, and they expect their children to continue along with the undertaking. This system seems to work out well in foreign countries. For example, in Germany, where our family lived in 1955-1957 (at which time your grandfather was an Army Colonel of sorts), I had an opportunity to study the country's customs. The German father ran the household with stern discipline, and the children were trained to carry out his wishes in exacting detail; so it was not surprising that the boys were expected to continue the family business, and usually did so. It was not uncommon to find a business which had been in the family for years and years. In contrast, the American family business endures for about three generations, for by that time the children have lost interest in

the family store, and have taken off into other professions of a more personal attraction. Fortunately for you, your parents and all of your aunts and uncles have had the benefit of good contemporary educations in the finest of colleges; they have made their own decisions about their vocational lives, and they are wise in the ways of relating psychological responses of their children. In addition, if I may insert here a personal commercial, they were raised in a household that insisted they accept responsibility. I predict they will be of valuable assistance when it comes time for you to select an occupation--just remember a few of these things when you have children of your own.

Finally, on the subject of education, may I say this about that. "GET IT."

(F) IS FOR FUTURE

(F) is for future, and also it could be for the word fortunate, or fortunately--which indeed it is, for as the old song goes, the future is not for us to see. In this respect we all are fortunate and very lucky since the average mortal views the future with apprehension, fear mingled with uncertainty, anxiety and just plain worry.

On one of my office walls placed in a conspicuous location for all to see, is a small plaster plaque which was given to me by a patient many years ago. It depicts an ancient, Cape Cod-type fisherman sitting complacently in a rocking chair smoking a pipe and reading the newspaper. The caption below has but two words, "WHY WORRY." I am amazed at the response I have had over the years to this simple philosophy--WHY WORRY?--this is so true. A majority of the possible catastrophes available at any given time and circumstance just never materialize--so why punish yourself emotionally with mounting concern about the unknown future. Even the Bible says, "give us this day our daily bread," suggesting it might be best to take life one day at a time. However, in the same book there are a multitude of references cautioning the reader to prepare for the future.

While the Cape Cod fisherman gives an impression of complete confidence, it may well be he has made some preparations for his tranquil state. More than likely his experience and judgement have told him to stay at home in his rocking chair that day, rather than to venture out on the stormy seas.

Within reason even sudden calamities can be avoided on the theory that accidents do not happen. They are created by ignorance, lack of attention and awareness, or just the plain lack of good judgement. Fools tend to rush in where angels fear to tread. May I hasten to add, even the greatest of caution cannot keep some accidents out of our lifetime. I have had them, and you will sooner or later become involved in some unhappy incident for which there is no logical explanation. I have noted some people who are

sometimes called "accident prone." They just seem to have the faculty of being at the wrong place at the wrong time.

So, now back to a worry-free future. Don't worry about it too much. The future will come to all of us in spite of all warnings to the contrary. I am a member of the Satchel Paige school of thought. Satch was a fabulous black baseball pitcher years ago, before any black player was accepted in the major baseball leagues, and has been credited with many pitching feats as well as a few well-known Paigisms, such as: "Avoid the social whirl, it ain't relaxin'" and the best, "Don't look back, somebody might be catching up on you." I'll go along with that--personal events of the past are like yesterday's newspaper; something to wrap the kitchen scraps in. I would rather look forward to each new day with excitement and anticipation--the future, beautiful--for that is where I'm going to live.

You will be told by many the future is for those who prepare for it. This is still another truism, time-tested and accepted by all, especially by those who have found out too late that they had no plan.

At your age, your journey through life into the future is, in some respects, much like a pilot flying a jet plane from Rochester to Miami Beach, Florida. Naturally, he is qualified through his many years of training and apprenticeship. His craft is certified by periodic mechanical tests, so he is secure in the knowledge that his equipment is in fine operating order. Next, his most important task is to devise and file a flight plan with the airport tower so everyone will be aware of his intentions to insure the safety for himself and all others occupying the same airspace. He must know exactly where and how he is going before he steps into the plane. In his flight plan he must know the weight of the craft, plus a detailed weather report from which he can calculate the amount of fuel needed for the trip. The plan must include options to be used in case of emergencies, such as weather changes and mechanical failure. For this possibility he will need to know of alternate landing fields along his proposed

line of flight. Now, ready to take off, he checks out his engine, his compass headings, and his electric direction finders, and he does not even start for the runway until instructed to do so by the control tower. When he receives the take-off signal, he climbs into an authorized pattern, and then follows the prescribed course indicated by his navigational gear, which will guide him in the flight direction already predetermined. Shortly south of Rochester he will locate and identify the first check point--this he will carefully record on his chart and make any speed and directional adjustment necessary to maintain his desired time schedule. Continuing on from check point to check point, as he has done successfully on the first leg of the trip, he will soon land safely on the runway of the Miami Airport, and according to plan.

Your future will remind you of his airplane trip--you will need a good plan and good equipment, but to justify the thesis of this essay, not necessarily in that order. Be sure and be ready for some unexpected changes along the route--you may get grounded overnight somewhere, but you can always continue with your plan tomorrow. As Grandmother Whitney has reminded me, "Life is to be enjoyed, not endured," so good luck, and have a safe journey.

(G) IS FOR GAMESMANSHIP

One of the most delightful short stories which I have ever read (next to Timberline, the number-one classic, and required reading for all of the Whitney clan), is a book called Gamesmanship. It was written by an English author, as I recall, and was later the subject of a play and a movie, entitled, "How to Succeed in Business Without Actually Trying." The sub-philosophy of this little gem is summed up in this statement: why not be one up rather than one down?

Gamesmanship is a subtle ploy involving the technique of getting the jump on your opponent before he is aware of your real intention. One of the first ingredients is to know yourself and design a strategy in advance which will accomplish your objective, and having achieved that mental state for the attack, you must then have complete confidence in your ability to carry out the scheme. This is important. DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE YOUR OWN ABILITY and you must have supreme SELF CONFIDENCE to achieve your objective. First you must do your homework--else you may become a victim of false self confidence. Complete self confidence is the medium in which good salesmen are incubated. All the good ones have one trait in common--super self confidence.

Some day you will read a play called, "The Death of a Salesman," whose main character is one Willie Lohman. Someone once asked, "What did Willie sell?" To my knowledge, the play never answered that question. Willie was always selling himself, unsuccessfully. Too bad. The good salesman has to sell himself first and the product secondly. Salesmen are the salt of the earth, and to a certain degree, everyone has something to sell in one form or another. Subtly, you will have to market whatever you have to offer others in your acquaintance. This is the way you will acquire friends, a job, and eventually even a partner in business or marriage.

While we are on the subject of salesmen, I might mention two in our family. Your great-grandfather Whitney was a Willie Lohman-

type salesman. He liked people, and he just liked to sell them things--anything--he was a natural-born trader, and whatever product he was selling at the time was absolutely the greatest. He had unbounded enthusiasm for his wares, which ranged from groceries, automobiles, real estate, Fuller brushes, washing machines, jewelry, watches, diamonds; just name something, and he had probably sold it at some time during his career of more than eighty some odd years. A very successful salesman once told me that my father was the greatest salesman he had ever known, and under the right circumstances at the proper time, he could have been the sales manager for General Motors. Unfortunately, father never made it big. He had spent too many years as a farmer, a vocation in which he was completely miscast, and by the time he got into something he liked, he had failed to do his homework. Like so many salesmen, he was taken in by his own act. So many are gregarious, gullible, and are prone to be conned into pie-in-the-sky, get-rich-quick losing situations. They trust everybody. The personality difference between a salesman and an accountant is the contrast between atomic weapons and bows and arrows.

Your great uncle Dick Whitney has many of his father's characteristics, and was also a salesman, with this difference. Uncle Dick has a split personality; by nature a friendly fellow, hale and well-met, but in addition could be generous and frugal at the same time. The frugality he inherited from his mother, who was frugal beyond all belief. I understand that her side of the family (Smith) had a reputation for thrift, and the record points to the conclusion this worked out economically quite well for them. They were able to live in a comfortable manner, and in those days, a comfortable manner meant living within one's income, regardless of how small it might be. Uncle Dick was, as you must realize, a very successful salesman, and his approach to life's economic problems is a textbook example. He decided in advance a lifestyle plateau on which he would like to live, and then directed his energies into generating an income which would

satisfy this requirement. He happened to make it in Beans, but he would have made it in anything. So, you see the whole thing is as simple as ABC.

Now you may wonder just how the subject of salesmanship ever surfaced under the letter (G). May I remind you of the title. Life is as simple as ABC, but not necessarily in that order, so occasionally I reserve the privilege to slip in what I feel to be a related topic, and the whole thing may end up as a "Donkey's Breakfast."

So, back to Gamesmanship, and for an example: I once saw a learned and respected high school superintendent driving a horse-drawn wagon down one of our village streets on a hot summer's day. I hailed him and expressed my delight with his ability as a horse and wagon driver, and congratulated him on his accomplishment. He replied with evident modesty, "Well, it's quite simple. You have to know at least as much as the horse." I had a suspicion the professor was practicing a little gamesmanship on either the horse or me, but at the time I was president of the local board of education, so I did not pursue the subject any further, and bade him a good day.

There are many little tricks or ploys in search for identification or leadership which can create favorable responses from the individuals with whom you will become associated during your life's journey. One of the most obvious but seldom recognized as such is a ploy of persuading a person to arrive at a decision which you have already planned in advance. In closing a sale, the competent salesman asks his customer several questions to which the only answer is yes. On the bottom line, the only acceptable answer is the same. YES. Finally, the only desired response for the acceptance is YES. Would you like to buy this item? One word. YES. Will you marry me? What else? YES. There is no other way. This process of mental conditioning is best illustrated by a simple card trick, and you can try this out on the first subject you can find, but practice it first. Get a deck of cards, I'll wait. Have you got the cards? Fine, this is the way the trick goes.

1. Shuffle the deck of cards in plain view of your subject. This will be a false shuffle; you know how to do that. As you are shuffling, note the bottom card. It should be a face card, and even better, an ace. For example, the ace of hearts, although it makes no difference.
2. To make the example simple, shuffle the ace of hearts into the bottom card, and place the whole deck in your pocket.
3. Then ask your mark to name two suits of cards. He may respond diamonds and spades. Then you reply, this leaves hearts and clubs, so please select one of these suits. If you are lucky he will select hearts; if not, you can steer him into hearts by the process of elimination.
4. Next question: please select three honor cards in the suit of hearts which you have chosen. He may say the queen, jack and ten.
5. That will leave the ace and king, right? Fine, will you please select one of these cards. So he responds, saying the king of hearts. This obviously leaves the ace of hearts, which you have safely as the bottom card in your little warm pocket. He may even choose the ace of hearts, which is even more fortunate, but as you see it would make no difference, since you could pin him down on the next question. You see what you have done by this process of elimination is to have forced his choice of the card, which you already have in a known position in your pocket.
6. Now for the kill. How many cards do you want me to withdraw from my pocket before I take out the ace of hearts? THE CARD WHICH YOU HAVE SELECTED. Ten, he says. The tenth card, you ask? Yes, the tenth card, he replies. Simple, carefully count out nine cards from the top of the deck (still in your pocket), then produce the tenth card, the ace of hearts, from the bottom. This little gem is the stock and trade of all of the magicians tricks and illusions.

Card tricks and subtle motivation of complex human psychological responses have a lot in common, for often it requires misdirection, pretense, tact, bluff, sincerity, and occasionally even a last-resort showdown. However, there is never any room for sheer dishonesty. All of your dealing should be 99 and 44/100 truthfulness. Your word should be as good as your bond, as the saying goes. Build your reputation on this broad base of integrity. But Grandpa, I can hear you ask, "How about that remaining 56/100ths?" Answer. No one can or should be 100% honest. Example. Your mother says, "How do you like my new dress?" Well, just suppose you don't like it. You are trapped. It's like the old chestnut, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" The answer can't be either yes or no. Then you have to resort to the exception, known as the "Little White Lie," for surely this is an instance where discretion is the better part of valor. "Why, Mother, the dress just looks elegant on you. In fact, it is you." Someone asks, "How do you feel today?" Again the exception, "Oh, just fine, thank you," when in fact you know you should be home in bed.

Gamesmanship in life can be exciting and often necessary, but to introduce 24-caret dishonesty or deceit as a means to an end, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER and NEVER. If you can't make the grade and not have a clear conscience each night when you lay your little head down on your pillow, then you don't deserve to make it. You still have to live with yourself.

(H) IS FOR HUMOR

Where are the clowns of yesteryear? Regretfully, they seem to be a disappearing cult, and it's too bad. Their antics filled up a vacuum of mirth and fun for their audiences. The act of living should not be a grim experience, it should be partially filled each day with a little excitement, anticipation, happiness and laughter. A person can be just about as happy as he chooses to be--and he can be just that--if he has the capacity to slough off a little daily stress and see a little humor in otherwise deadend frustrations, which we all encounter. The comics have the trick of making us laugh at ourselves through their portrayal of situations in which we have often been involved and can relate to, within our experiences. We live the act with them. I have been told that within the heart of every comic there is a deep desire to be a serious dramatic actor--they all consider themselves as Shakespearian heavies, and the funny bit is a second choice.

I would like to have known a man whose name was Samuel Langhorn Clemens, who in 1847 (before my time) wrote an article called, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"--after that he was known as Mark Twain. He was a friend of one of my favorite characters, Molly Brown, who was one of Denver's free spirits back in the gold rush days. Her husband, Leadville Johnny, discovered a fabulous silver mine and sold it on the spot for thousands of dollars, all in cash. Coming home late at night after the celebration, and not wanting to wake his sleeping wife, Molly, he hid the paper money in a safe place--the stove, and went back out to celebrate at a local bar. Molly woke up the next cold morning and lighted a fire in the same stove, and accidentally burned up the treasure. Returning to the disaster, Johnny reassured his wife with a "never fear, dearie, I'll go out and find another mine"--which he did within a few days, and it was known as the "Little Johnny Silver Mine," and was even larger than his first discovery. She kept Denver's society in a

humorous turmoil for many years, and went on to become the Titanic's "Unsinkable Mollie Brown," later adapted into the famous play and movie. You will find the entire story in Timberline, by Gene Fowler. I used to tell your Aunt Janet this and other Fowler stories as bedtime tales; we both liked them better than Peter Rabbit. Years later, when the Mollie Brown play came out, Sister Jan told her friends that it was the same tale that her daddy used to tell her as a bedtime story. Twain said, "Everyone talks about the weather, but no one ever does anything about it." Read his books, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn--they will live forever.

Will Rogers was alive during my early days. He was a rustic, country western, droll humorist who worked with a lasso like the Oklahoma cowboy which he was. He poked fun at the high and the mighty, and they all loved him for it. He said he had never met a man he didn't like, and I am with him in this respect, although I must admit I have liked some a little better than others. Once, during a Democratic presidential convention, he was asked to open the assembly with a prayer. He responded with the observation that it "would take a lot of praying to impress the Lord enough to help the Democrats." In those days, the Democrats were a minority party--like the Republicans today.

I like to remember the radio comedians, Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, Titus Moody, Fibber McGee and Mollie, Ed Wynn, the Marx Brothers, Red Skelton, and, of course, Jack Benny, whom you will recall. These entertainers started in the old vaudeville circuits before the days of radio and movies. They developed a routine, as they called it, and traveled across the country putting on their shows, which at that time seemed immortal. The things that did them in were first radio, then the movies, and the last straw, television. In the vaudeville era, they could do the same routine over and over for limited audiences in all of the large cities. Today, the entire nation sees an act on Sunday evening. Then comes the problem--how to present something different on the next week's show. The mass media has a great appetite for talent--there is no old joke like last week's joke. It's a dead duck.

The best of all was radio, because the listener could augment the situations with his own imagination, since the whole bit was in audio only. A good comedian could and did put his audience right into the plot and action. When Fibber McGee's closet door opened, which you knew he was going to do anyway, you could hear all of the junk falling out, but in your mind's eye you could visualize it. All of our children in their active imaginations assumed roles as they listened to the adventures of Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, Tonto, the Green Hornet, and all of the other thrillers of that era. You are still privileged to see some of the greatest of that time--Bob Hope, George Burns, and Jackie Gleason. How sweet it is...or...was.

I will have to confess, humor has always been a thing with me, and looking back (which I can do now with 20-20 vision that always goes along with hindsight), I am now aware my sense of humor has come on a little strong at times. This is one of my weak points--I have felt if one is good, then two is better--or more bluntly, what is real funny to me (and most everything is) is not so funny to everyone else. Mollie used to tell Fibber, "Tain't funny McGee." Fortunately for me, I have something like a Mollie under my own roof, who has the good judgement to pull me down out of my tree when some of my antics get too far out of hand. For some unknown reason, which I cannot understand myself, I am intrigued with subtle humor, situations, jokes, magic, and forms of double meaning. The problem with humor, and perhaps not intentional, is the invisible barb that it carries in the form of a "sting" deep down in its wrapper. So many people take offense at becoming the object of a trick or a humorous incident on the grounds of being ridiculed. So, for all of you who have been the victims of your grandfather's weird sense of humor, I offer my apologies and promise not to do it again until the next time. However, in my own defense, I hasten to add an observation. I think I actually joke with friends and relatives as a show of affection--a perverted psychological explanation to be sure, but I wouldn't waste the time and energy kidding someone I didn't like. You figure it out.

I have also noticed many who take the greatest offense when being the object of a humorous ploy are self-righteous, pompous and self-centered individuals who can see no wrong with their personalities. They have a low boiling point. Frankly, I hope that I am not in this classification, as I am not overawed by my own self-importance. I realize I am here on earth mostly by chance, and the world will continue rotating on its axis with or without my presence; so, while in residence, I will do everything possible to be helpful and pleasant to my fellows. If for one reason or another they choose to dislike me, I do not hold it against them. I have no craving for public acclaim or approval.

Over the years our families have had a lot of good times together. We have enjoyed each other's company, and in this association share happy memories of jokes, surprises and tricks concocted jointly or severally. I will not expand this subject in great detail for you will be hearing about them from your own parents, and I'm sure the incidents have a way of growing in importance as the years fly by. Long to be remembered is the family expedition to Newburgh, New York to visit the new residence of the Clifford Ruth household. Our group consisted of a three-car caravan of adults, children, ducks, chickens--all of whom (including the livestock) were disguised as gypsies--gay clothes, mustaches, jewels, trinkets, tents and pots and pans, fortune tellers, the works. We set up our tents on the front lawn and enjoyed the comments and expressions on the faces of the neighbors as they would pass by to inspect the encampment of the Ruth's relatives. The event gave the Newburghers something to talk about for some weeks to come, and launched the Ruth family into society with a bang. You will be hearing stories about chickens (cooked, live, in the egg, and right down to the bones), jello fish molds with ten dollar bills within, bathtubs full of jello, disappearing Christmas presents of silver dollars, Fairport-East Rochester football games, and even about a mysterious charmer by the name of Miss Magnolia Comfort. These were all fun times of good clean humor, and some of these events were in serial form going on for

years, seemingly without explanation. To this very day some of the perpetrators are anonymous. It is my fondest hope you grandchildren will continue this tradition of camaraderie and friendly fellowship. It is part of your roots in the journey of growing up, which you will find to be a long trip--for does anyone ever grow up??

To make any comparison of the past to the present, there is some evidence we had a lot more fun times in our childhood and young adult days. It may only seem so, but I still think there is a valid reason for this observation. We were not engulfed in a wealth of material things. We had passed through a prolonged national and worldwide financial depression, and barely on the way to recovery from this catastrophe, my generation was plunged into World War Two for a six-year duration. These were sad and serious times and I think we were looking for and seized every opportunity to find any kind of happy diversion to counteract the tragedies of the troubled times. During the depression era, two actors named Olsen and Johnson collected together a band of unemployed actors and created a road show under the title of "HELLAPOPPIN." It was 100% pure corn, but received great public acceptance. It was one of the best stage shows I have ever seen. I'm an authority--I saw it three times and laughed myself right into the aisles.

For some unknown reason, and how convenient, we all seem to recall the happy times in a subconscious effort to forget the unpleasant events which we have all experienced -- SO -- HAVE FUN.

(H) IS FOR HUMOR --- EPILOGUE

An advisor has suggested I might include a few of my favorite stories under the heading of humor. Since I get very few requests to repeat, or, in many cases, to tell stories, like every good ham, I jump to the opportunity. The following is one that Ed Wynn, the great star of radio, stage and television, has declared to be one of the best he had ever known and I agree, so get ready.

The scene is set on board a deluxe passenger ship which sailed between New York and Southhampton, England. Each evening the guests were entertained at a gala dinner, followed by a stage show which was climaxed by a magician whose forte was disappearing acts. He was a wizard. During this performance in question, he had the stage all prepared for the show, with an enthusiastic audience which included the ship's pet parrot in his cage, just in the rear of the room. The actor used only a white tablecloth and a golden wand, and he would throw the cloth over such objects as rabbits, pianos, and even pretty girls, and by saying a few magic words and with a wave of his wand, when the cloth was withdrawn, whatever might have been beneath had completely disappeared. Each time the audience responded with great applause, but the parrot merely blinked and remained silent. It was a great show.

In the finale, the magician had a dining room table complete with china, glasses, food and flowers over which he placed his cloth, and, repeating the magic chant, he withdrew the cloth, and lo and behold, in a presto everything had gone. The audience arose in a tumultuous standing ovation, but the parrot still viewed the miracle in silence. As the people were cheering and the magician was bowing in appreciation, something went wrong deep down in the ship's boiler room and the resulting explosion demolished the craft, passengers and everything.

The closing scene depicts the parrot sitting on a spar floating on the placid ocean. The moon is shining down brightly, and other than the bird bobbing up and down on the gentle waves, all is a picture of complete tranquility. Suddenly, from beneath

the surface of the quiet sea the magician appeared, gave a few gasping gulps and disappeared, evidently forever. The parrot, taking one last look at the circles in the sea made by the departing magician, finally uttered but one word, "MARVELOUS."

Now, while we are on the passenger boat kick, here is one that Wynn did not mention; he no doubt had heard it, and it could have been the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth. So away we go.

This elegant ship had been making its voyage for many years under the direction of a crusty old Captain, who was always about to retire, but never actually made the final step. Nevertheless, his routine in carrying out his duties was carefully noted by his Executive Officer, who was patiently waiting for the old man's retirement and his own promotion to his superior's position. The Executive Officer carefully observed how his Chief handled the social duties, such as entertaining the V.I.P. guests, and presiding with evident pleasure at the Captain's Table during the sumptuous Farewell Dinners. They were elegant affairs, and he could hardly wait. He was also puzzled by one of his Chief's habits. Each morning the Captain would enter his paneled office, remove a brass key from his vest pocket, and insert it into the large drawer which he would unlock, open, and remove a folded sheet of paper which he would study with deliberate care, replace the paper in the drawer and lock it securely. Finally, at long last the Captain did retire, and the Executive Officer received his promotion, for which he had so long awaited. His very first act was to hasten down to the ship's office, sit in the Captain's chair, and open that mysterious drawer with the coveted key. At last, with trembling hands, he withdrew the folded paper, which to his surprise carried only a two-sentence message: "PORT SIDE, LEFT. STARBOARD, RIGHT."

Now that you have recovered, how about a story that is really for the birds?

A truckdriver received an assignment to transport a cargo of one dozen penguins from New York City to the Rochester Zoo. His trip was routine and without mishap until he reached the corner of Hudson Avenue and St. Paul Street, only a short distance from his destination, when his truck broke down. The penguins by that time

were hot, tired, hungry, and thirsty, so the driver hailed a passerby and asked him if he would complete the delivery and for \$20 take the birds down to the zoo. The deal was closed and the good Samaritan took off with the flock. After a two-hour delay for repairs, the trucker continued on to the zoo to check up on his delivery, only to meet his new-found friend returning with the penguins, all twelve of them. "What goes on here," asked the driver, "I thought I told you to take the birds to the zoo?" "Well, I did," replied the penguin escort, "but I had eleven dollars left over, and now I'm taking them to the movies."

Had enough? Or can you stand for just one more??

An Arab had become completely lost on the sands of a desert; he had been wandering aimlessly for days, and by this time was in a state of complete exhaustion from hunger, exposure and thirst. Suddenly, to his surprise, he came upon a crude stand, covered with a tattered cloth roof whipping back and forth in the stormy, sandy desert. Under this roof he discovered, of all things, a salesman with a large display of men's neckties. The wanderer approached the huckster, and in a weak voice, pleaded, "Water, water, I'm dying. Please, in the name of Allah, water." To which the storekeeper responded, "I'm sorry, but I have some very fine ties. They are of excellent quality, and I have a good price on them today. They are usually three dollars each, but for you, a special. Two for five dollars." The Arab replied, "No! No! I need water, water, water, please, water." So, seeing a dim chance of making a sale, the peddler replied, "Well, my good man, if you will continue in the direction of the sun for about five kilometers, you will find an oasis which has a cabaret. They will have water." The traveler disappeared over the horizon and finally stumbled up to the promised cabaret, which had a huge bolted door with a small slot in the center panel. He pounded on the door with all of his dwindling strength, and a face appeared in the narrow opening. "Water, water, I'm dying. Do you have water?" "Why, of course," said the voice from within, "but you have to have a tie on in order to come in..."

I hope you are not too disappointed--there could be more later.

INSECTS AND UTOPIA

*Big bugs have little bugs
Upon their backs to bite 'em
They in turn have smaller ones
And so on ad infinitum.*

The human race has tried out every conceivable scheme to simplify the process of living together in complete fairness, ease and comfort and with justice for all. This state might be known as Utopia (where there is perfection in government) and this would require a very unselfish strain of citizens who would be known as Utopians, or better, Euphorians, for they would have to exist in a most tranquil relationship. This "one for all and all for one" form of government has been attempted from time to time throughout world history, but never with lasting success.

Let's take a random sample of our citizens to populate a planet called Utopia and see just how they make out. Unless you happen to be a 100% Libertarian, it is obvious that even the purest of communal societies need some kind of political game plan. Our Utopians quickly devise an embryonic form of government, a simple committee, duly elected, complete with chairperson, by-laws and a secretary person to keep the minutes. This body seems to function real well for several decades. As time passes, the citizens notice that the committee is now augmented to include a group of supporters which, oddly enough, consists of friends and relatives who have been honored with jobs, better housing, and a hand in the communal cookie jar. Anxious to board this gravy train, the dissenters join in a clandestine rival faction to unseat the incumbents. Unable to do so under peaceful democratic means, they finally resort to an armed revolution to assume political control. While all of this is sugar coated with a promise of freedom and individual rights, the original proposals are quickly forgotten and this group soon becomes more oppressive and dictatorial than its predecessors. Unfortunately, within human society, there exists a desire for power which ultimately corrupts even the best of communal governments. It is interesting

to note that our own form of government, a Republic, was established as recently as 1776, and is even now one of the world's oldest political systems. Think of it, after thousands of years of recorded history we are a veteran at the tender age of two hundred years. How long can we last?

A truly effective Utopian type of government would demand heroic acceptance of personal altruistic discipline for the participating citizenry. Everyone would have to be 99 44/100 Golden Rulers. On the surface, this does not seem to be a difficult assignment; however, I doubt that human nature could operate for long under this philosophy.

The ideal example of true communal co-existence is best illustrated in the life style of the bee family. A colony of bees runs a very tight ship. Somehow they have learned to live together in harmony with a remarkable unity of purpose completely dedicated to the welfare of the group.

A colony of bees is neither a dictatorship, a democracy or an egalitarian society. Its survival revolves around the queen bee. She has no ruling powers, but is essentially an egg-laying machine that produces 1000 to 1500 eggs a day during the warmer months. In addition, she keeps the colony together by the emission of a distinctive odor, a pheromone which penetrates the hive, thus distinguishing it from any other in the apiary. Using their specialized sense of smell and a navigation system, which uses the sun as a point of reference, the field bees will always return from the flowers and enter their own hive.

The typical colony will have about 75,000 residents in mid summer and consists of the queen, about 90% non egg-laying female workers and 10% drones. The drones are male bees whose sole function is to mate with the new-born queens which are produced as required. The queen is mated soon after birth and remains fertile for the rest of her productive life, which is about two years. She is waited on and attended by a retinue of escort workers, whose well-defined duties are to feed, wash, warm, cool, and provide a royal life-style fit for a queen. She deposits one egg in each wax cell prepared for her in advance by a worker

crew. Another crew fills the cell with food for the newly-expected arrival, and then caps the incubator with wax. The new resident makes its appearance in about 26 days to begin a short but active life. The baby bee serves first as a housekeeper then a nurse, comb builder, airconditioner, guard, and finally as a forager collecting nectar, pollen, water and propolis, which is a glue-like substance. The honey is collected as nectar, which is mostly water, that is evaporated within the hive. It is something like boiling down sap to make maple syrup. The bees control the temperature in the hive by their body heat in a cluster or if the hive is too warm they will gather at the entrance and circulate outside air by fanning their wings. The collector field bees wear themselves out physically in the pursuit of their task so their life spans are only about six weeks during the nectar-gathering season. This is why the queen has to lay so many eggs in order to replace her constantly depleting troops. The average healthy colony will produce several hundred pounds of honey each year, and they will require at least sixty pounds as food for the coming winter's supply. Commercially, the beekeeper will harvest any excess which could be about 100 pounds depending on the season.

Now at long last to the point of this lengthy prologue. I am trying to relate the contrast between human and insect effort to develop a Utopian system of communal co-existence. The difference is in one word, DISCIPLINE. So, let us consider the bee community.

1. When the queen bee becomes defective or delinquent in her egg-laying mission, she is promptly replaced in a sequence called supersedure.
2. The queen is able to lay either a female or a male egg at her choice.
3. If, perchance, there are two queens in the hive, they will engage in mortal combat until one is killed.

4. When a colony is about to subdivide in order to produce a new swarm, several queen cells are constructed from which new queens will hatch. The first act of the first queen who emerges from her cell is to open the other queen cells and kill the occupants.
5. Any deformed or defective baby bees detected are destroyed and removed from the hive.
6. If food supplies become short, the cells are opened and the larvae destroyed before birth.
7. Upon mating with the queen, the male drones promptly die.
8. In the fall the drones are forced out of the hive to die since there is no need for their biological services during the winter months. This act conserves the colony's food reserves, as the drones do not produce any food and are known to be big eaters.

Nature in the raw is seldom mild. It is a ruthless, fierce, competitive society whose sole purpose is to perpetuate the species by the survival of the fittest. Nothing is allowed to dilute the strain; it's either produce or die, eat or be eaten. There is no compromise for the weak, the halt or the blind. It is within this code of communal living that the bee family has been able to survive for millions of years as an effective family and social unit.

Now, don't get me wrong--in no way do I suggest that we start living like a colony of bees. I only wish to point out facts to support the theory that the basic laws of nature which maintain quality of a species no longer operates in today's human society. Thousands of years ago the population explosion was controlled by the cyclical occurrence of death, famine, pestilence and war. Today we must face this reality--that the mental and physical qualities of the earth's human inhabitants have not been improved or even continued by our interference with the discipline of natural control factors.

No one can deny that we have on our planet a lot of people, not all endowed with the ability to care for themselves, a lot of government and a lessening reservoir of food and raw materials needed to support this multitude. Somewhere in the not-too-distant future there will have to be a reckoning to adjust and balance out the rationing of these materials.

It will be interesting.

(J) IS FOR JUDGEMENT

Imagine a cold, wintry night with near blizzard conditions and the lights on the long runway at the Rochester Airport are blinking, barely visible in the blowing and drifting snow. Just a few miles south of the airport a jet passenger plane worth several million dollars, together with its crew and ninety-five passengers, is scheduled to land in Rochester at 11:05 P.M. The Captain, in contact by radio with the field's tower, has been receiving some distressing reports on the local weather conditions. The runway is very icy, with poor braking surfaces, drifts up to one foot, winds gusting up to thirty-five miles per hour, visibility poor, ceiling three hundred feet. The entire condition is not really favorable, but still within the limits of landing safety, or, better termed, marginal. The plane has been directed into a landing pattern by seemingly super-human electronic devices in spite of the cloud banks which now obscure not only the runway, but the entire airport. The control tower has furnished the Captain with all of the information related to the local weather statistics, and as a summary, asks the pilot if he wishes to make the landing. If such is the case, permission is granted, but, mark this well, only permission--the final decision is not made by the ground, but is the sole responsibility of the Captain, for he alone will weigh the risk involved in the plane's safe landing. This awesome choice depends on the Captain's JUDGEMENT.

Picture a giant hydroelectric dam located on the Columbia River in the state of Washington. It holds back a huge lake of water which flows through a dynamo producing enough electricity to supply a city of 50,000 people, when suddenly, without warning, an ear-splitting sound comes out of the generator, and the whole machine grinds to a halt. Something has gone wrong with the internal apparatus--what to do? They send for a generator specialist who soon arrives from his faraway office in a helicopter, for, as you can well imagine, this is a first-class emergency. He spends several hours reading the specifications of

the power plant and examines carefully wires and panels of steel surrounding the system. Then, after considerable deliberation, he comes to a decision. He opens his tool kit and removes an ordinary hammer which he quickly uses to give the machine a good solid rap over one of the sealed panels--instantly, the sound vanishes, the meters return to normal, and the generator surges back into function with the electric current once again supplying the needs of the city. A month later, the electric company receives a bill from the specialist for \$1500. They are stunned by such a large fee for only a few hours of the man's time, so they return the request, asking for an itemized bill. Shortly, they receive another statement with this explanation: (1) For hitting the generator with a hammer, \$1.00; (2) For knowing where to hit the generator, \$1499.00 As you have already guessed, the item of JUDGEMENT was the intangible expense.

Knowledge is related to judgement in the same proportion as sap from the maple tree is to the resulting sweet product, maple sugar. You may already know that it takes several gallons of the tree sap, which is mostly water, but when boiled or distilled, yields only a small amount of sugar. To complete the comparison, judgement is the end product of distilled knowledge. Hence the resulting formula, $\frac{\text{knowledge}}{\text{judgement}} = \text{decision}$.

Consequently, in times of emergency, stress, or trouble, the successful outcome which will be totaled on the bottom line will always be the product of the proper decision. The prompt, accurate diagnosis and ultimate decision is the mark of the true professional and believe me, there is more to it than meets the eye. So many things in life and nature are known as atypical and many obvious symptoms obscure the real underlying cause of the actual problem. In medicine, arriving at the root of the disease is resolved by a process known as differential diagnosis. This is a method of discarding inconsequential, unrelated symptoms by the process of elimination in an effort to identify the real causative agents. This is a skill which separates the men from the boys, but again, it's a matter of JUDGEMENT.

While most everyone recognizes the merit of professional judgement as a fact of life, I have had so many experiences which point out a question of related values in the minds of the public in general. The brain surgeon who, in a two-hour operation, removes a tumor from the skull of a hapless patient, thus restoring the person's vision, is often questioned on the subsequent fee for the service rendered. The patient, now forgetting the miracle of restored vision, can hardly believe his eyes when he can read on a statement that his surgeon's time may have amounted to \$500 per hour. Relating this emotion to our early examples, we must return to the good JUDGEMENT and the decision of just where to make the initial incision. The fee includes not only the two hours during the actual operation, but the hundreds of hours spent in the prior years of training during which the surgeon had to pay for the experience, and received nothing in return.

Perhaps I should apologize from straying off into a technical discourse on this subject, but I am writing this not entirely for the present, but also for the future. I'm certain it will mean more to you as time goes on. JUDGEMENT need not be veiled in a coat of mystery and I have no intent to misrepresent it as such. Removing the curtain of psychological hocus-pocus, JUDGEMENT is merely just old-fashioned good sense, or, as my elders used to say, "horse sense." I have also heard them say about a person that wasn't too quick, "that he didn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain." This indicated not only a lack of good JUDGEMENT, but also threw in a tablespoon full of stupidity for good measure. You already have shown evidence of good JUDGEMENT and associated responsibility, both of which makes itself known early in life. I only wish to suggest you become aware of its presence and value; your path through life's experience will be a lot smoother. Cultivate GOOD JUDGEMENT and USE IT.

P.S. What about that airplane that was due to land at the Rochester Airport at 11:05 P.M.? Sorry about that. I didn't mean to leave it up in the air. The Captain decided not to risk

a landing at that time. Instead, he returned to a holding pattern over Victor, New York, and there he flew a five mile base pattern for 45 minutes. At the end of this time period, the weather conditions improved, whereupon he returned to Rochester and landed safely at 12:37 A.M. His JUDGEMENT told him not to risk his plane and cargo.

(K) IS FOR KIN

For this segment, or at least for the first few paragraphs, the subject will pertain to the word Kin, which has something to do with one's family or relatives. Specifically, it might be appropriate for me to say a few words about grandchildren who, after all, are the reason for this entire project. A little later on I plan to have a word about lady relatives, and this well might appear under this heading.

It also occurs to me at this stage of my thesis you may feel, and with some justification, that the old fellow (me) has been harping on the virtues of planning, preparation, and getting ready for the unexpected, at such a great length the subjects have been beaten to death. You may also wonder if the writer practices what he preaches? The answer to this query has to be no--not completely. I have stressed these qualities which I have observed in the lifestyle of others who appear to have handled their affairs in a creditable fashion, and in retrospect, I feel I should have followed such a pattern.

To document my desertion from my own sage advice, I must admit as far as grandchildren are concerned, I had absolutely no plans for them. Standing at the altar some forty-one years ago, I do not recall having discussed or even considered the possibility of grandchildren on that cold November evening--although I do realize now, there was much information your grandmother knew about at that time but she wisely and properly withheld from me many facts of married life of which I was completely unaware. Had I but only have known. Honestly, I had not even given a great deal of thought to the advent of our own children, who were to arrive at an appropriate and conventionally-accepted later date.

The full impact of becoming a grandfather hit me some eleven years ago when your grandmother and I were in Dallas, Texas, attending a convention. In the finest of tradition, brother Stephen called at 3:30 A.M. to announce the arrival on this planet of one Alan Whitney, who had made his presence known only a few

hours earlier. I aroused the new grandmother to convey the joyous news, but to my surprise, she mumbled about the lateness of the hour and inquired about the welfare of some of our friends in the hotel, and promptly went back to sleep. Of course, you already know the ending; she claims that I did not tell her of the event. Grandmother was always a sound sleeper.

From that day on, over the past eleven years, the grandchildren have been arriving, not as spies, but in battalions; actually, it's been slightly more than a corporal's guard. As of January 15, 1978, we have accumulated a total of nine of the little rascals. Please note should there be any possible significance, the above date is Super Sunday and the Dallas Cowboys were playing the Denver Broncos--the Cowboys won.

Over the past decade I feel I have accepted, adjusted to and have learned to exist with grandchildren. They are an interesting adjunct in the process of the education, training and the bringing up of grandparents. Grandmothers take to the indoctrination very readily--it's the mother hen syndrome. On the other hand, the novitiate grandfather goes through a transition not unlike the breaking of the sound barrier. Ogden Nash produced a short jinglet, as follows: "The trouble with a kitten is that--it eventually becomes a cat." Grandfathers tend to view their offspring as well as their grandchildren in a similar light to a certain degree. To the male of the species, the newborn infant presents itself as a mass of amorphous protoplasm which has no social responsibility at either end. I know I have a short attention span with real small children, and I have more than a suspicion that the feeling is mutual. After a few minutes I am uneasy with them, as I am certain they are with me, and they would be much better off in the care of a mother or grandmother, both of whom are better designed by nature to cope with the problem. However, as they become older and less fragile, unlike W. C. Fields, I think there is a place for growing children--and I eventually get to like them as individuals and enjoy their company. They are fun to observe as they develop their own distinctive personalities. For example, one day one

of the three-year-olds was playing about the yard and yelling, "Grandma, Grandma, Grandma!" in a loud voice. Since the callee was busy within the house, I answered and inquired of the problem, to which the child responded, "I'm not doing you, I'm doing Grandma." Another time I was working with a radio, and I jokingly plugged the electric cords into one of the little girl's stomach and asked her, "How come the radio does not work?"--to which she replied, "No batteries." They are funny.

For some time our grandchild boy-girl ratio remained at 6-1 in favor of the girls--a condition, while not completely unknown, still was out of proportion with the natural average. In a short time, however, the inevitable balance came back to work and now the score is girls 6, boys 3. Now I have no preference between boys or girls--I'm just glad that we have some of each, and as good fortune would have it, they are all well and healthy, normal children. It's interesting how the boy-girl distribution runs in generations. Until sister Janet came along, there had not been a new small female face in the family for some time. However, she must have broken the ice. Thankfully, now we have a lot of them. Someone once questioned a man who had seven daughters, and he observed, "If the Lord had wanted another man in his household, he would have sent one." I only hope that the Lord would soon send him another bathroom.

Grandchildren are fun. I like them, but with all of the recent clack about women's lib, I think it's high time for a national grandfather's recognition movement--so I'm starting as of now. Henceforth, I want to be known as a "GRANDPERSON," not a Grandfather.

What about Grandmother? Well, she has always been a "GENTLEPERSON."

(K) IS FOR KIN
SEGMENT NUMBER 2

To be recognized under the discussion of kin certainly should be included the ladies in our family and life. I would like to say this stroke of great fortune could be credited to superior planning, but rather than tighten the noose around my neck, I am only going to admit, with considerable humility, it must be an example of being in the right place at the right time. We are more than fortunate to be surrounded by a bevy of outstanding womenfolk, starting right out with your grandmothers, mothers, aunts, and now the sisters are indicating evidence of similar championship form.

It's the "hand that rocks the cradle that rules the world." They are, as the saying goes, "something else." The weaker sex? Ha! Don't be taken in by that old chestnut. They are durable, intelligent, persistent, fecund, ubiquitous, as well as subtle and charming, with a life expectancy which exceeds their male counterparts by some ten years. Nature provides a slightly larger supply of females than males for reasons which I cannot understand, and no one has ever given me a satisfactory answer for this fact. They are hardy, fierce competitors, and can be savage fighters in defense of their loved ones--or, on the other hand, the female praying mantis mates and promptly devours her male companion. Some lunch!

Just think of the pioneer women piling their scant worldly goods into a covered wagon and setting out to settle the wild and woolly far west. It was all of that in the early days. Beset by hardship in the form of bad weather, sickness, hunger, and hostile Indians, they starved and fought by the sides of their husbands. They would wash off the new-born infant in the nearest mountain stream and continue along the hazardous journey. And settle the west they did, by sheer courage, endurance and faith. Evidently it has been their divine purpose in nature's scheme to continue the strain--this they have done with their customary efficiency until in this century we are faced with a pole-to-pole

people population almost at a geometric progression. When they undertake a project, they do it very well.

Beyond any possible doubt, it is a woman's world. When the boy is born, friends inquire, "How is the mother?" When a man marries, they ask, "How did she look?" When the man dies, the question from all, "How much did he leave her?" Hence the fact, widows control a majority of the nation's stock, bonds and other worldly goods, and I would like to say, good for them. They deserve it all, but not on the theory that the meek shall inherit the earth. When I see the hours and hours of work that my mother and your grandmother have spent in making a home and raising a family, I am just tired out thinking about it. We once had a neighbor (male) who said that housework was not hard work, but it was so constant--he made that remark after his wife had been in the hospital for two weeks.

In our immediate family we are blessed with all of the evidences of fine motherhood, beginning with my generation, and it is now having its impact on the grandchild population. Again, it is contrary to the law of averages to have in one household nine small children physically and mentally equipped in all departments of general well-being. This circumstance was not charted or planned, and I am reluctant to give a lion's share of the credit to just pure chance. Nevertheless, for what it is worth, I do have an observation--the ladies within our household all have something in common: A LITTLE TOUCH OF CLASS. This desirable feature is nearly impossible to learn, acquire, or imitate, and like cream on a pail of milk, it rises to the surface. So, to my boy grandchildren, this advice on the subject of marriage: when the time comes, pick out any good mother, but with that little touch of class, and marry one of her daughters; which one will make no difference.

(L) IS FOR THE LONELY ROAD

Did you ever realize that the letter (L) is really a problem? I did not appreciate this discovery myself until I had to face up to this letter on the blank page of paper. First of all, there are not a lot of (L's), and those which are available just don't seem to start out a great choice of outstanding words. Perhaps the exception might be something like the (L) in Lane. In my little dictionary there are only thirty-one pages of (L's) compared to 47 (M's), 115 (S's), and 52 (R's). A few of the likely candidates could be lunch, law, love, life, liberty, legerdemain, luck, literature, laundry, living, and even lingerie, or lineage. Many of the former I have mentioned in previous segments, and I hopefully expect your Grandmother will have some words of interest on the subject of lineage as an appendix to this alphabetical document. So, what to do with (L)? For a few pages, let's consider a trip down the "Lonely Road."

Humanity comes in masses, and as an individual you are one small component in this multitude. Let's face it, you are a sapling in the forest of this population explosion, so it is logical that you may wonder from time to time just in which direction you are going to go, or grow, as the case may be. In any event, you will find yourself in a highly competitive forest crowded with similar saplings, each struggling to reach up to the sun's life-giving rays. Some will be ground creepers, shrubs, clinging vines; and others will become majestic, towering trees, each seeking and striving for an individual identity in his own fashion. Is there any suggestion that I could offer which might help you in a similar quest for personal identity? The solution appears to be the essence of simplicity. Just be your own person. This according to your own standard of morality, honesty, virtue, faith, honor, and high-minded principle, with a sense of duty, responsibility and loyalty to yourself, your friends, family and country.

By these standards you are being tested at this very moment by your reactions to situations which you encounter every single

day at home, in school and on your street. You are constantly adrift with people as individuals, gangs, or by the crowd-full. As water seeks its own level and like attracts like, so do personalities. You will become known and judged by the company you keep--so be very careful not to even become accidentally identified with the "wrong crowd," for by so doing, you can end up as either a "good guy" or a "bad guy"; the choice is up to you. So, now let's just have a look at the crowd.

The crowd is always wrong. This is not only my personal observation, but smarter minds than mine have confirmed this opinion. This is what one Gustav LaBon, an early French physician and psychologist had to say about this subject way back in 1895. His vision was absolutely prophetic in his discussion of the "disappearance of the conscious personality." In quote:

The crowd is excessively emotional, impulsive, violent, fickle, inconsistent, irresolute, careless in deliberation, extremely suggestible, hasty in judgement, incapable of any but the simplest and imperfect forms of reasoning, like an unruly child. The most striking peculiarity of a crowd, whoever be the individuals that compose it, however like or unlike be their mode of life, their occupation, their character, or their intelligence, the fact that they have been transformed into a crowd makes them feel, think and act in a manner different from that in which each individual of them would feel, think and act if he were in a state of isolation.

This paragraph is all red, raw meat and may require some marinating before digestion is possible.

If you think the preceding portion is tough meat, how about the following serving? "The crowd loses," wrote Fred C. Kelly, in a noted work on the stock market in 1930 (a great time to write about stock markets), "because the crowd is always wrong. It is wrong because the crowd always reacts to the stock market NORMALLY." Read his quotation again, again and again if necessary. Remember it well. Kelly is referring to the degree of success or, more often, failure of the masses in the "wonderland"

of the investment world. He suggests the track record of this group to secure capital gains is undistinguished and unspectacular. As Barnum said, "There's a sucker born every minute." An old-fashioned stock market axiom advises the participant to buy when everyone else (the crowd) is selling. Old as well as new stock market axioms are to be taken with a grain of salt the size of an ice cube, since the market's action and direction is highly erratic. Advice on the stock market performance seems to come from those trained in the fields of witchcraft, tea-leaf reading and astrology, which makes these consultants some kind of economic medicine men whose prescriptions are no more effective than their diagnosis. These market prognosticators are the same breed of cats as the race track touts, palm readers and the weathermen. It's always the 20% chance of rain that washes out the family picnic. I am not condemning investment in securities as an investment, but as a speculator in get-rich schemes. Beware such temptation like the plague. Never buy a stock that someone wants to sell you on a tip or other inside information--if such an opportunity was so good, you would be the last one to hear about it.

Somewhere it has been written in stone that, "he travels fastest who travels alone." There is a generous helping of truth in this ancient axiom. I am not encouraging you to become a complete solitary person like some kind of a hermit, but I am preparing you for the likelihood of encountering certain situations in which the proper and right decision may not be met with great enthusiasm at that time. Examples are many. Should you become involved in a group who, on impulse or intent, should suggest some adventure from which no useful purpose would result, you quickly will have to determine whether or not to go along with the crowd, or to have the courage to say, "I'm sorry, but I don't think we should." Believe me, this does take real genuine courage, for the reaction of the crowd bent on questionable exploits can prove to be a humiliating experience for the few who dissent. You will at once become the object of jeers and will be showered with such highly uncomplimentary names as chicken,

scab, scardy-cat, quitter, and others which are not quite as acceptable. Don't let these accusations bother you one little bit, when time proves that your actions were the result of good judgement. Subsequent favorable opinion will become evident for all to see.

History is filled with illustrations of the power of crowd psychology as the masses are molded by the manipulation of clever motivating personalities. This is the way nations lose their freedoms and human rights, in succumbing to the hypnotic spell cast over the citizenry by the dictator-type leaders. I have seen this happen in Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, Cuba, China, and many other smaller countries. As you grow older you will see this list augmented as newer history is added to the past. I am not proposing to completely resist social change, because there is nothing static in worldly growth and especially so as the population increases and raw materials become less abundant. But I must warn you to be constantly alert to changes in social patterns which could strip you of all human rights and self-determination and recast your life into a pawn of the state's all-powerful central government. "Very well," you may say, "all of those countries are in far-off lands, how can their problems affect us?" Well, don't be taken in, you will find the dictators right in your own backyard and at every level of society. Just keep your eyes open and your ears up and you will see them and hear them clamoring for a paternalistic, strong central government which will provide all things for all people from the cradle to the grave--completely overlooking the fact that to give, first the government has to take away, and even worse, if you fail to go along with this scheme, you will get nothing at the loss of even losing your freedom. It might become necessary to build a wall around this great nation to keep the dissenters in. Human rights, self-determination, personal dignity--think about it. Look around the planet and see who has it and how it is working out.

It is unlikely that you will be singled out to make the final decision on the ultimate fate of the world, but don't forget

that little things lead to bigger things and as a citizen you are a small portion of public opinion. Will you have the courage to support a minority viewpoint lacking popular approval at that particular moment, or will you follow the crowd down a path of possible disaster?

Should the journey down "The Lonely Road" become your choice, you will find few positive guide markers, and direction can be at best ill-defined. The trail may be obscured by ruts, canyons, unbridged streams and false detours leading to dead-end side roads. You will be faced with decisions testing the skill of an experienced Indian tracker. Assuming you have the determination and have relied on your early training, natural instincts and good judgement, you will eventually emerge from the wilderness into the sun-filled meadow. You will have succeeded. Remember, "Today's lofty oak was yesterday's tough little nut who had held its ground."

EPILOGUE of an EPILOGUE

I hold no patent right on the thesis of the "Lonely Road." As I was in the process of completing this segment, I just happened to be finishing a book entitled, The Camera Never Blinks, written by Dan Rather, the CBS TV journalist. In his Epilogue, he has this to say:

Too often the errors I have made occurred because I followed the herd (or crowd). There is always a temptation in journalism as in society to graze with the sheep. As Americans, we proudly boast of our independent streak. We say to ourselves and our children and to people elsewhere, 'Look we are not a flock of turkeys heading off in one direction.' We ask questions and we demand answers and we make our own decisions.

How about that? I couldn't have said it better myself. Rather concludes:

But the line gets harder to hold, in journalism, as the industry grows in size and power and in the number of people who want a piece of the action. The new reporter, the one on the front edge of his career, has to know that he pays the price to make his own way. But the joy of the craft is NOT IN FOLLOWING THE HERD.

(M) IS FOR MONEY

Money makes the mare go. A penny saved is a penny earned. Waste not, want not. Be not penny poor but pound foolish. Find a penny and pick it up, then all the day you'll have good luck. A fool and his money is soon parted. You can't take it with you. So it goes on and on, and on, and on, and on, etc., etc., etc. I always thought "money was the root of all evil." "Not so," says your grandmother, "it's the love of money that is the root of all evil." As always, she is right, and I accept her amended version. Under our roof, I make all of the major decisions and your grandmother makes all of the minor ones. This division of duties works out just fine, since the last decision I had to make was on the question of recognizing Red China. I was for it.

Money, or the lack of money, is a problem you could be faced with at this very moment. Right? Well, do not be dismayed, for it is only the beginning of a life-long quandary. Only a few escape this predicament; for most of us it is often, "one day chicken, the next day feathers." Money is but a medium of exchange, be it furs, beads, jewels, dollars, yen, rubles, pounds or marks. The Indians sold Manhattan Island to the Dutch for about \$24 worth of beads, and time proves what sharp dealers the red skins were. There are many ready to return the island to the sellers for the original purchase price plus 6% interest, which, should you wish to calculate, might work out to a fair exchange. It's the interest that kills you.

I have no intention of revealing the secret of acquiring a great fortune. This I have been unable to do for myself, so if you are in search of a rich grandfather, you will have to look up into another tree. To become very wealthy as the result of your own effort requires a stroke of genius, timing, sheer luck, or a combination of all three. Frankly, I have never devoted much thought or effort in the search of great wealth. Contrary to public opinion, few professional men become millionaires, for in reality the truly conscientious practitioners (and

most of them are just that) are so much involved with the welfare and problems of their patients that they have little time to dabble about in the strange sea of finance. Unfortunately, the good doctor is a poor businessman and has been considered fair game for all sorts of confidence investment salesmen, with their dry oil wells and phony stock companies. Industry protects its employees with insurance and retirement benefits, which the self-employed professional man has to provide for himself. This he often fails to do. In his favor, however, he is not required to retire at the customary age of 65. Consequently, he is able to continue his practice, thus providing some income to supplement his inadequate retirement programs.

I have found professional life to be interesting, challenging and rewarding in personal satisfaction and accomplishment, but as a money-making adventure, such has not been my experience. So, on the economic scale, we have been able to enjoy an upper middle class, comfortable way of life, having been able to live within our income, and, fortunately to date, have escaped the major disasters which can raise havoc in a family's life. Over the years we have been able to invest a small percent of our income in financial opportunities which have not worked out in a bonanza style, but have augmented our professional income to a degree, thus providing a slightly higher standard of lifestyle. Consequently, it has been a pleasant adventure, since we have been able to provide our children as well as ourselves with the necessities of life, and have had a little left over for a bit of frosting on life's cake.

However, I have in my circle of friends a few who have become quite wealthy as the result of their own effort; they have done so by hard work and determination, at the expense of some personal sacrifice in their early years. Success in the quest for wealth often comes with an attached price tag, and they have been willing to pay the price. I doubt whether a man worth ten million dollars is any more happy than a man with only eight million. Wealth is relative in life's values, and often can become an obsession rather than the blessing which the less fortunate might expect.

Throughout your life you will be confronted with opportunities to make some easy money in so-called pie-in-the-sky promotions, which on the surface would appear to be simple, safe and fool-proof. These situations, or deals, will come to your attention through the mail, phone calls, or slick salesmen who have only one objective, and that is to separate you from your money. Beware of such temptations, for, as you will recall, "a fool and his money is soon parted." Before you invest, investigate. To be sure, all financial opportunities are a gamble, so while I am on the subject, I am going to suggest you learn how to gamble--for if you know the basic rules of the game, financial obstacles will become less of a riddle. Remember this: all games of chance are based on the laws of mathematical probability. In simple terms, the greater the reward, the greater the risk. I have never encountered a situation which was a sure thing. You can practice the law of percentages in the simple games of dice, poker, and blackjack.

The best place to start will be, of all things, in the public library, which has books full of information on the subject. Learn these tables well, for you will be able to translate the equivalent value scales to other adventures of living. For example, should you continue on with higher education, buy a new or a used car, change your job, get married, or buy a house????? Your success or failure in any endeavor you might mention will be dictated by the mathematical laws of chance. Your chance of happiness in a cheap, worn-out used car is less than in the new model. You gets what you pay for. However, do not become a cynic who knows the cost of everything but the value of nothing.

Somewhere along the line you will have the opportunity to visit a racetrack, or even some of the casinos in such faraway places as Las Vegas, where you will see your fellow citizens throwing their money about as if it were going out of style. While you are there, have some fun, play all of the games, but put yourself on a budget quota so you will not lose more than you can afford. Remember the odds or percentages on each operation, for the house never loses over the season. It may

lose for a day, a week or even a month, but by the end of a year, the enviable laws of probability will go to work, and the house will show a handsome profit. Look upon the adventure as pure entertainment, for most all horse players die broke. The best advice I have ever had came from an old army sergeant who, on the subject of shooting dice, put it this way: "Colonel, it's not what you win--it's what you don't lose." This sums up the laws of probability in a nutshell, and beware of the nutshell game. The pea is usually not under any of the shells--it's in the palm of the dealer's hand.

(N) IS FOR NATURE

Should you look in your dictionary between natty and nautical, you will find quietly resting an innocent little word, well known to one and all, and it is NATURE. It has several meanings, but at its best refers to (1) the outdoor world, as in the beauties of nature, or, more important, (2) the physical universe as to a whole, including what it is and what happens to it; as the laws of nature. Just read that last sentence again. Isn't it fortunate that the word appears near the center of the dictionary, for its scope is all-inclusive. The physical universe as a whole, including what it is and what happens to it. It is alpha to omega, and to present this subject in a few pages is an assignment which will require the production of an instant universe. As a card-carrying nature lover, I have been eager to get into this discussion, but now that I am here, I hardly know just how and where to attack the monster.

What is Nature? By definition, it is simple as you have noted, but in reality, it is a mixture of things complex beyond all description and comprehension. What are these things? Simple as ABC, solid, liquid, gaseous, hot, and cold, but where the going gets a little sticky is in the combination of these basic components. Should I attempt to describe this process of Nature to a person completely unfamiliar with the term, the listener might identify me with the characters in Alice in Wonderland. The story would appear to be fabricated from a cloth woven from fact, fantasy and fiction. So, away we go. Are you ready?

How did it all begin? Since no one really knows, my theory is as valid as anyone's. Logical thinking would indicate the whole thing started with a large mass of matter which exploded and created a spaceful of planets, stars, moons, and associated dust with a few suns thrown about to keep the system warmed up. Of course at that time everything was in a red hot mass, and this all came about a mere eon (a period of time too long to measure) ago. Convenient, isn't it? The individual resulting heavenly bodies were certainly molten in character, and were

round or spheroid in shape, for this is the way all solidifying liquids end up. The round lead BB shot is made in the same manner. You heat up a piece of lead to a molten state, then drop the melted metal through a wire screen from a distance of a few feet into a pan of cold water, and presto-chango, you will end up with round lead pellets. Keep this technique in mind should you ever want to create a universe. There is no other way. But to continue on with the subject of world manufacturing; now we have all of the planets with their moons and satellites scattered about in space like so many Christmas tree ornaments, but much larger of course, and hotter. In another eon of years the outer surfaces cool down to form a so-called crust while the interior still remains at higher temperatures. The years fly by bringing floods, ice ages with their glaciers, and suddenly the waters recede from the Noah-type floods, and then the continents surface like so many chocolate chips on one of your grandmother's cookies. Not unlike those cookies the process depends much on the cooling. Somewhere in this time interval something must have gone wrong with the BTU output of the sun because the earth has experienced several ice ages, and this would suggest that energy shortages have been around for quite some time, even before there were any Arabs. In any event, the sun was either replaced or repaired and our temperature was established at a life-sustaining level. The next billion years were uneventful. The continents had to shift around in the cookie and the earth's surface had to break up into more acceptable substances, when at long last a creature from the salty seas crawled up on land, and animal inhabitation of the earth began. How about that?

Not to make any comparison, but in case you might be wondering how your grandfather can create a universe complete with life on earth on one page in about twenty minutes, may I clear this confusing issue. Remember the force and effect of progress. After all of these eons which we have been discussing, now your grandfather has the advantage of the new-fangled society: computers, electronics, Xerox, MacDonald's, and typewriters (which

still can't spell). Naturally, miracles are now more simple, and I do not expect miracles, I depend on them.

Now that I have finished the universe and have placed life on at least one planet, what kind of a world is it? Well, as Mark Twain remarked, "When you consider the alternative," it's not such a bad one after all and very interesting. When you consider the precise and orderly mechanical operating schedule of the system, in which time and speed are so predictable, isn't it amazing how much change and variety can appear from year to year, and another from thing to thing, if you will. For example, I am writing this segment from Jensen Beach, Florida on February 22, 1978, and yesterday was the coldest day recorded in over one hundred years. Nationwide, last winter was one of the worst in the weather bureau's history, and now this winter, 1978, has been more severe than its predecessor. I should live so long as to witness such achievement. Our scientists observe that the sun's temperature has decreased about 15 degrees over the past few years, and does this predict another ice age in the offing? Probably not, fortunately, because our well-tuned universe operates with periodic weather cycles. Even the Bible's authors document the "seven lean years and the seven fat years." I have been a victim of these cycles in my effort to grow trees and vegetables in my garden; there have been several consecutive years when nothing seemed to work out at all. The weather has been either too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry, or too something. I have lived through the "Dust Bowl" era when the drought and wind blew most of the soil from the western farmlands and many of the unfortunate farmers moved to California only to become movie stars. In the farming business, it's "one day chicken, and the next day feathers."

Having now returned from our trip through fantasyland, let's get back to factland by going right out into the back yard and into the garden, for that is where the action is. Here we can talk about plant and animal life. The real facts of life are wrapped up within the seed; which came first, the chicken or

the egg, the plant or the seed? Now that we have them, it doesn't make much difference. However, in the beginning, the sequence must have been a big issue. Fortunately, nature has been most generous with seed, and its overabundance feeds the world's population. One seed (a kernel of corn) produces several ears with many seeds which, when planted, will multiply its parent by unbelievable numbers. There are, of course, some losses along the way, so in the garden we plant one seed for the birds, one for the blight, and one for the gardener. Thus, everyone gets his beak into the harvest.

It is a fact that all life starts within a single cell.

Some are real small, and some can be as large as an ostrich egg. Under certain favorable conditions, the one-celled egg starts to subdivide--first into two cells, then four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and quickly into astronomical numbers, like eons, only in cells. Within this riddle is the secret of life: how does each cell know just what and when to do its thing? A seed from certain trees can be stored for hundreds of years in the absence of heat, light and moisture. Remove this seed from the protective cage, plant it in warm, moist soil, add a little sunshine, and in a short time a tiny plant will pop up through the soil. This is the way the Ginko tree was propagated from ancient Chinese seeds. Consider this fact: you can take a small living twig from a red apple tree and graft it on to a yellow apple tree, and growing limbs will soon fuse together as one tree. However, the red apple limb will always produce red apples of the same species as its parent stock. Hence, you will now have both red and yellow apples growing on the same tree. Isn't this fantastic? How does this little transplanted twig know how to maintain its identity?

This spring you will see flocks of geese flying overhead in a V formation on their annual journey from the warm southlands up into deepest cool Canada for the summer. During their stay up north they will build the nests, lay the eggs, and hatch and train the baby geese. Come fall, something tells them to fly south and you will see them again on the return trip. How do

they know when and where to go, which they do with amazing navigational accuracy? Even with maps, your grandmother and I often lose our way, but not the geese. They always seem to know where they are going. This bird act is known as migration, and some birds will actually return to the same spot where they started life as an egg. This fact seems to be fantasy.

The Pacific salmon spends its adult life in the ocean many miles out in the sea. However, when they mature, some impulse tells them to return to the mouth of a river in which they were hatched several years ago. Reaching the entrance to the river, they go into a holding pattern, waiting for the water conditions to become just right for the trip inland to the site of their birth, perhaps a thousand miles upstream. After this long and hazardous experience, a few of the survivors finally arrive in the same streamlet in which they were hatched. Here they fan out a depression in the gravel with their tails and the eggs are deposited in the swirling water. In a few weeks, each egg will become a tiny baby fish, of which only a few will ever see the Pacific Ocean, for as you can well imagine, the infant mortality is very high. So what now happens to the parent fish? They have completed their useful cycle. Physically worn out and exhausted from the ordeal, they soon die and their remains then become food for the forest and stream inhabitants, which include bears and other animals, but also their newly-born offspring.

The Chinook salmon have a five-year cycle in which they are hatched, travel down to the ocean, where they will grow and mature, then will return to the stream of their origin and lay their eggs, just as did their ancestors five years ago. This drama has befuddled the scientific observers since the days of written records. How does a salmon find his way back to the same puddle of fresh water where he first squirmed out of his comfortable egg-like home?? This too is one of the wonders of nature.

Nature's pattern is inconsistently consistent. Everything has its cycle of birth, growth and decay. There is a possibility

that, like the magician on the passenger ship, earth's living components as we have known them, will all disappear from the face of this earth. However, don't fret or fear, this suggestion may not materialize for another eon of time. Nevertheless, the bright trail of the shooting star streaking across the horizon in the evening sky is, in fact, a former celestial member of the universe's space.

To touch only briefly on two wonders of nature. All living and some inanimate things exhibit semi-predictable growth patterns. Human beings come in all shapes and sizes, but seldom grow to be more than seven feet tall unless they are a "Jolly Green Giant." A stalk of corn, fish, animals, and trees all grow to an average individual size, but for some reason, a black bass never grows to be as large as a whale. We know this condition is controlled by mysterious hormones which are present within the fluids of living tissue. But even so, isn't it incredible how these chemical substances know when to start, and, even more so, when to stop their activities? Supposing something went wrong with this hormonal balance. We might end up as a race of midgets like Tom Thumb, or giants like Sampson.

Associated with growth and the cellular responses of living tissues, we encounter the biological phenomenon of healing, or the repair of wounds, and the resolution of pathological breakdown of the body's components. Notice what happens the next time you suffer a bump, bruise or cut. At first, you will have symptoms of pain, redness and swelling. This unhappy state is summoning the body's defense team into action to deal with the emergency. In short order, your body's liquids and cells rush into the damaged part and immediately begin the process of repair. With the small cut you will notice that the painful symptoms last but for a short time, and in a little while a scab forms to protect the wound. Underneath this hard surface, new tissue is being produced by the cells in such a manner that in a few weeks you will have trouble locating the damaged site.

Modern medical science has accomplished many pseudo-miracles in the healing arts. New drugs, new techniques have done much to

increase the life span and the comfort of living. However, in spite of all of this medical hocus pocus, never forget, it is nature that still does the healing. I have spent a lifetime in the procedures involved with oral surgery at every possible degree of difficulty, and never, never can I recall even one single instance in which I ever did anything which actually healed any person in any situation. NATURE IS THE HEALING AGENT. The only role I have ever played in my professional experience has been only to provide a better climate for the natural process of recovery and repair. In the health arena, we professionals are only the firemen. We contain and help extinguish the fire with agents called antibiotics (which are often more of a curse than a blessing), pain killers, and antiseptics, along with surgical intervention which, without doubt, is the most effective treatment when indicated and properly executed. With the physician's assistance and, in some instances, in spite of his interference, complete recuperation is in the hands of nature's defense apparatus, which can vary from time to time, from person to person in any given time. Or, as many will claim, "It's God's Will," and it well could be just that factor.

At the conclusion of this very superficial glimpse into the "Wonders of Nature," one can only pause and reflect on this perplexing enigma which is not easily understood. "Nature, the state of the universe, what it is, and how it works," whether or not you choose to embrace any of the forms of the well-known religions, is not an issue in this discussion. Nevertheless, it is difficult, on a clear, cloudless evening, to gaze up into the heavens and behold the moon, the planets and the stars extending out into infinite space and not believe in a force, however indescribable, which is present and greater than the comprehension of any human mind. I feel that way and I hope you will join me in this philosophy.

(O) IS FOR OPPORTUNITY

This chapter is a "Command Performance" at the request of one of the younger members of my family, who suggests I comment on "what things I wish I had done in life, things I have done with regret, people who have helped me along the way, and opportunities grasped or missed." This is quite an order to be filled in three pages, so this segment may end up like Gone With The Wind, only shorter. Webster says, "opportunity is a convenient time or occasion for something to happen, or a good chance for something." He continues to say, "the opportunist is one who takes advantage of circumstances to advance his own interests, regardless of what is right."

So, opportunity, where have you been hiding? Many years ago I recall reading an essay entitled, "Acres of Diamonds" concerning a man who had searched the whole world for hidden fortune, only to find it, belatedly, in his own back yard. The moral of this circumstance suggests that fame, fortune and treasure are often found in unexpected hidden places, and even more often right in plain sight. I am well aware of this possibility, since your grandmother was a skinny little kid who lived as a neighbor, not in my own back yard, but just across the street from me, and it is only fair to state that I was also a skinny little kid living across the street from her. Fortunately for you and me, I had a slight advantage over her other boyfriends, because I could out-wait them and not have such a long trip home. Since your grandmother is indeed a genuine 24-carat treasure, I could end this entire discussion on this high point of good fortune, but what would I do with the rest of the chapter?

Opportunities which I have encountered have not always made their presence or importance known at the time of the experience. When I was about seventeen years old, I had the extreme good fortune to live near a neighbor and a fine gentleman in our little town of Mexico, New York. His name was Dr. Avery Skinner, and while Mexico was his summer home, he lived in Albany, New York, where he was president of the New York State Board of Regents.

Dr. Skinner had accidentally lost his right leg and had a little trouble getting about with ease. Consequently, he preferred to travel by train and have someone meet him at the station with his fine auto. During the summer months I became that someone, and after a few years I was his "Man Friday," following him around the state to places like Albany, New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, and to Cleveland, Ohio, where he had an architect son-in-law and family. My job was to drive his car to these places and meet his train, transport him to the hotel, handle the baggage, arrange for the meeting rooms, locate his friends, select the dining rooms, deal with the hotel managers, room clerks, headwaiters, and what have you. At that time, I was a simple, raw country boy, which I still am, but this opportunity gave me a lot of "know-how" in the field of organization, management, and public relations. During this apprenticeship I learned to accomplish the art of meeting people and to persuade them to accommodate for my employer's needs and desires. I soon learned how to carry out these tasks by direct or even devious means as the situation required. We used to stay at the finest of hotels, and while I usually ate alone at the elegant restaurants, I made a point of sampling everything on the menu, and for a country boy who was raised on side pork, pheasant under glass was quite a change in diet. One of our frequent ports of call was Cleveland, Ohio, where I always had a lot of free time to spend exploring the city, talking to the natives, and it was there that I discovered Western Reserve University. Dr. Skinner explained to me the facts of life concerning college education, and encouraged me to make an application. I was a confident, eager, but an unlikely candidate, having neither a real good academic record nor any financial backing whatsoever. In retrospect, I would say the prognosis was doubtful. However, Dr. Skinner seemed to have confidence in me, so, undaunted, I made the application, was accepted, and arrived by train at the Cleveland Railway Terminal early one rainy September morning in 1929, with a small trunk of worldly belongings, a thirty-dollar trumpet, and about three hundred dollars in cash money, with no immediate prospect of getting any more.

It was a beginning. Realize the Great Depression started in 1929, and as far as I was concerned it continued on for many years. Even the rich had no money. My parents, never affluent, helped out as best they could, and this was far beyond their means, and I am certain they did this at a considerable personal sacrifice--a fact which I often regret. I was able to accumulate most of my tuition money by menial, odd summertime jobs too numerous to mention, such as selling washing machines, school supplies, working in canning factories, milk plants, stores, delivering bread, and a multitude of other things. During the college term I was able to earn my board and room expenses by washing dishes, waiting on table in a boarding house, and taking on odd jobs about the campus.

At the end of three years of undergraduate schooling, I found that I had neither the money, time, nor the inclination to pursue the medical school career which had been my original intention, so I transferred over to the dental curriculum, which didn't make much difference in those days, for the first four years were about the same with most of the dental courses coming during the last three years. Just before entering my last four years in professional school, I was extremely lucky to get a job at the University's Faculty Club, where most of the teachers ate, and a few lived in rooms within the small home-like building. I was well qualified for my position as a waiter, as I had by then three years of training as a dishwasher and potato peeler, and eventually became a full-fledged waiter. However, as my tenure as a Faculty Club waiter grew, I became in succession, headwaiter and then co-manager with an elderly lady who was a bookkeeper and purchased the food. Here my job was one of management, hiring cooks, maids, waiters, cleaning ladies and taking care of the physical plant. It was not unlike managing a small hotel, and in addition to my meals there was a small salary and a few tips. To augment this cash flow, I also had a part-time job in the Department of Pathology, where I examined and indexed skeletons of South American Indians, which is completely another long story. With this hard money I was able to pay for my room at several

sites, the last of which was a dental fraternity house where I lived only as a roomer. I could not afford the initiation fee or the dues, but they had an extra room and needed the money. This arrangement worked out just fine for all concerned parties. The Faculty Club was a real bonanza in that era. I had a one-to-one personal acquaintance with the faculty and college executives, who used to say that the sole purpose of the club was to get Whitney graduated from dental school. They finally accomplished that goal in the spring of 1936, with my graduation after seven long years of college.

Grandson Alan Whitney has asked me to describe some of the hardships which I might have experienced in my lifetime, and I can dispense with that query in a few sentences. I don't recall ever having any--I can remember a few Sundays when I would sleep late so I could have but one meal, but I never went hungry, and that has to be the supreme hardship test.

True, the depression era was grim for all, and especially for the adults, but for the younger generation, we didn't know the difference. We thought that everyone had always been poor and lived in this manner, and any suggestion of so-called hardship was par for the course. Really, it was a fine growing experience. We had to work constantly, if not hard, save much of whatever we earned, and learn to live without a lot of material things, which we probably didn't need anyway. By being occupied with honest toil and creating our own entertainment, we didn't have a great deal of extra time to create the chaos of mischief and even vandalism which is so evident in today's younger generation. We were real winners--that is why we appreciate so many of the pleasures which we enjoy today, and many of us are afraid that we will lose them; but I think we could cope with the problem if we did. We already have had an indoctrination in this lifestyle. I suspect hardships, like many things, are a state of mind, a temporary inconvenience, perhaps, but they come in the package of survival. My life has not been entirely trouble-free. However, I really believe that in such times of stress, difficulty and uncertainty the good Lord is testing my mettle, temper and durability. He will judge me on my response to the challenge.

While I still feel a seven-year college course is a long sentence to serve, I now look back on those days with a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment. There were many pleasant fun experiences. The burden of studies and part-time jobs did not deter my participation in extracurricular activities one little bit. As a youngster, I was prone to run away from trouble, and with this background I became very fleet of foot, which made me a likely candidate for the track team in school. My thing was cross country, and distance running, which now I recognize as part of my personality. I'm a poor starter, but a good finisher. I could hold my own pretty well in New York State high school competition, and since Western Reserve was not in the big ten athletic class, I was able to make the track and cross country teams, and I have several moulding red school-letters to prove it. Our team traveled to other colleges in Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania where I enjoyed the educational tours, the excitement of the contests, and I met a lot of interesting personalities. For example, in 1933 our team went down to Columbus, Ohio for the Ohio State relays, in which each team has four runners and pass on a baton to the next runner. On our team I was the finishing man in the half-mile stretch. On the Ohio State team the one hundred yard sprinter was one Jessie Owens. Of course Ohio State won, and by the time I received the baton from my man and then finished, I'm sure that Owens had the time to take his shower and was on his way home. History records that the same Jessie Owens set new world championship marks for the hundred yard dash and the broad jump in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Germany. The big to-do about his entry in the contests was his color: black. In Germany, Adolph Hitler was for complete white supremacy, and the mere presence of a black man in the German Olympics was almost more than he could swallow--and to add insult to injury, this black fellow won the whole thing. I met Owens and he was every inch a gentleman, and an awesome competent athlete, with the sleek musculature and reflexes of a tiger--a true champion.

For several years, I was a French horn player in the college band, and would you believe the winter time school orchestra? It

was ridiculous, since I was not then nor even now a musician, having started my career, along with your grandmother (a fine musician), in a five-person Mexico High School orchestra. It was the first orchestra in the school, in its one hundred and three year history, but it looked exactly like an orchestra, even if it did not sound like one at times--fortunately, our audiences were not greatly experienced with orchestras either, so I think no one recognized the contrast.

This was also the era of the Rudolph Valentino-type silent movies, which were a Saturday night special at the town hall. Our little orchestra was engaged to play what was then known as supplemental music, which was used before the show started and during the changing of the reels. This could be a long interval on the occasion when the film broke and had to be spliced. Since there was no sound track, we would often play right along with the movie. We would accompany the cowboy pursuing the villain across the ranch with little gems like, "Humoresque" and "Glow Little Glow Worm, Glimmer, Glimmer." It was something else.

As time went by my false confidence persuaded me to trade in my tin twelve-dollar Sears & Roebuck cornet for a used thirty-dollar King trumpet, all silver with a gold-plated interior bell. It was elegant, and I was the grandest tiger in the jungle. Arriving at college, my trumpet and I promptly auditioned for the school's one-hundred-plus marching band. On that hot September afternoon, I found about sixty applicants for four positions. I didn't have a chance, but remained to witness the proceedings. At the conclusion of the auditions, the director announced that there was a need for French horn musicians and were there any present in the group. I put my hand right up into the air, notwithstanding the fact that I had never even seen a French horn, let alone play one. I was accepted on the spot, without a test or a question about qualification. It was not as bold a ploy as you may suspect. A French horn is similar to an E-flat alto horn, and its role in a band is so simple that even I could master it. Shortly the school provided me with a sparkling, brand-new instrument. I went to the library and found a book on "How to play the French horn" and

by the time of the first rehearsal, I was able to play the pa-pa-pa pa-pa score right along with the best of them. By the time winter had arrived, I had this pa, pa-pa, pa, pa-thing down so well that the director actually selected me to fill the third chair in the college's orchestra, where I tooted away for several years when he would point at me, but always stuck in the same chair. This was indeed fortunate, as I could always peek over at the second chair player and follow his reaction to the long three-page rests. I doubt if this entire experience did much to sharpen either my musical appreciation or my ability, but again, it provided a wonderful opportunity to travel and to meet and associate with many very fine (and a few not so fine) individuals. It was a fringe benefit educational experience.

During my day in Cleveland, the Severance Music Hall was constructed and opened to the public just across Euclid Avenue from the college campus. It was a magnificent example of architecture for that era, and I served some time as a car-parker and usher in the hall when the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra was the main attraction. I recall well the pretty little harpist whose name was Nell Steck, a lady of obvious charm, class, and evidently some talent. I soon got to know her on a first-name basis and became her personal car-parker. It was a pleasure--she drove a yellow Bearcat-type roadster with her license plate number, NS-A1, which she was by every standard of comparison. I used to drive that car around the lot several times before I could find a suitable parking place, and I would be thinking if I ever got rich, I would have a Bearcat all of my very own. Since I have never owned one, it should be apparent that I never got rich. Perhaps I should have taken up the harp.

On the evenings when we used to usher, we would get the music lovers into their seats, and then collect on the beautiful stairway at the side entrance to discuss current events and occasionally listen to the music. On this one particular evening, we had the audience seated, but the orchestra had not started their program for some unknown reason. As we ushers were seated on the stairs, a large man appeared in full dress rig, carrying what appeared to be

a cello in a leather case. In broken English, he asked the way to the orchestra. Someone pointed the way and he took off, only to return shortly, red-faced and out of breath. With some ceremony, he placed the instrument on the floor in front of us, placed his cape on the case, and proceeded to tell us off but good, in some foreign language. Since I had a lady Polish dishwasher working for me at the Faculty Club, I immediately recognized some short Polish words that were not exactly complimentary. Then it dawned on us. You see, the access to the stage was at the end of a long winding staircase which ended on a platform, with a door leading to the stage. It was the custom to close this door when the orchestra was in place. Evidently he had missed the door completely, and had struggled up to another floor, cello and cape and all. We soon got the message and helped him back to the platform where he should have been in the first place. We found out who he was very shortly. His name was Gregor Piedagorsky, who was eventually to become a celebrated artist, and was the guest soloist for the evening. Out of curiosity, we went up to hear his cello playing--it was not all that good, unless you happen to be a cello nut. I am not.

As young eager-beavers looking for any kind of free action, a few of us became involved in a multitude of civic community activities in which we were the clack, fillers, or bodies for background and mob scenes. For our services we received no pay--lucky to even get the trolley fare, and our reward, if any, was to be associated with the performers in the interesting current events. It worked out this way. When a show, theater, opera, or some similar civic event needed bodies, a representative would alert the college with a request and the school would pass the word along to some likely candidates. As a graduate student, I had been around so long that I knew a lot of the college's office staff who were passing the word, which I received on a regular schedule. For example:

Cleveland was a great theater town, and the Shakespearian players were on a national tour. Every year they would arrive in the city for a series of the Bard's best plays. The drama was

heavy, and the cast consisted of the world's greatest exponents of the thespian art, and there is nothing quite as strikingly dramatic as a Hamlet in action, unless it could be an operatic Isolda. I can hear them now, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" The show could not go on without the supporting cast which, among other things, included donkeys, sheep, dogs, soldiers, peasants, page boys, and sound effects. It was in the latter category that we volunteers did our thing, often playing several roles in one evening, which you can well imagine requires exceptional talent, especially without any rehearsal. We were placed, pushed and pulled into our places on the stage like so many puppets, by assistant stage managers, full-time soldiers, and occasionally by the donkeys and dogs who knew their roles very well. However, we did get into the show free, and, enjoying the association with the show folks, we shared the glare of the footlights and the audience's enthusiastic response in their applause. I guess there is a little ham in all of us.

In 1936 Cleveland was the site of the Republican National Presidential Convention, and since the communications were not as sophisticated as the systems are today, most of the messages were hand-carried by runners. Radio and telephones were at hand, but television was still far away in the future, and walkie-talkies as we know them today were few and far between. Bugging, if any, was done with an ear against the door transom. The depression was still with us and runners were a dime a dozen. Competition was keen, so I was only a part-time runner, but I did get into the show, which has got to be one of my life's greatest experiences. Nowhere can one see a greater cross section of American citizenry than at a national political convention. The crowds, the crush of humanity, Indians, Eskimos, cowboys, Yankees, Southerners, Westerners, business men and women, bands, flags, color, excitement, rumors and confusion is beyond all description. This was the year of the sunflower, and a practically unknown candidate by the name of Alf Landon from the great state of Kansas was finally designated as a sacrificial lamb to oppose Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The Republican Party then, as now, did not

enjoy the confidence of the voters, still smarting from the image of the so-called Hoover-created depression. However, I was completely taken in by the enthusiasm of the conclave. Naturally, everyone in the hall was a Republican, and, along with many others at the scene, I thought the man had a good chance of winning. Later on in the fall of 1936 when I became an intern at the Dental Dispensary in Rochester, New York, I found a public sentiment which did not support my earlier conclusion. The Dental Clinic treated only children, and when I would ask them who they thought would win the election, the response was something like 8-1 for Roosevelt, and the result of November's election proved the accuracy of their judgement. The pollsters should learn a lesson from this observation. They should question the children rather than the adults, who often will not reveal their convictions with absolute candor; but the children hear the parents discussing their choice within the privacy of the home. The kids, overhearing the conversation and accepting their elder's opinions, will report the choice with complete, childhood honesty. Little Pitchers have Big Ears.

So, to conclude with my experience with presidential conventions, they are in the same class as the Kentucky Derby, the Rose Bowl, the World Series, the Army-Navy Game, the PGA Golf Tournament, and so on. They are civic, sociological extravaganzas all part of the American scene. You have to be there physically and see it to believe it.

Dr. Thomas J. Hill was the professor of Pathology at the University and was my friend and confidant for several years. He was president of the Faculty Club, and was my boss when I worked in the Pathology Department. He enjoyed an international reputation in his field and had friends all over the world. One of his friends was an American dentist practicing in Berlin, Germany, who in 1936 wanted to retire and return to the United States. His name, as I recall, was Dr. Miller, and he was looking for a young graduate to take over the practice. Dr. Hill recommended me. Dr. Miller was most anxious for me to come over as soon as possible, offering to pay my fare on the maiden return trip of the new

dirigible, the Hindenburg. I investigated this opportunity only to discover I could not take any money out of Germany, due to new edicts of the Nazi government under Adolph Hitler. Since I was without funds, and in addition had borrowed money to pay for college tuition, I reluctantly wrote Dr. Miller and sorrowfully declined his generous invitation. Had I accepted, I most certainly would have changed my mode of transportation, for when the Hindenburg was landing at Lakehurst, New Jersey, it was struck by a bolt of lightning, and the hydrogen-filled dirigible blew up, killing all aboard. As an interesting sidelight on this episode, a classmate of mine, Dr. Richard Steigerwald, did take the assignment and practiced in Berlin until 1939. He was not able to bring out any money. However, he did carry out optical goods and Oriental rugs. He lived and returned with William L. Shirer, the author of Berlin Diary. They were just plain lucky to get out before the war had developed in its intensity. I regret having missed this exciting opportunity.

My tenure at the Eastman Dental Dispensary started in September of 1936. I was one of thirty interns who worked in the Clinic and received \$25 a week, but it was a regular job and the salary seemed like a "King's Ransom." However, the workers were restless and selected me, as a committee of one, to meet with Dr. Harvey Burkhart, then the Director, to inquire about a five-dollar raise in pay. Dr. Burkhart, a very fine gentleman, had been a good friend of George Eastman and had influenced the filmmaker to establish children's dental clinics in Rochester, London, Rome, and Stockholm. The good Doctor gave me an audience, then, consulting with his superiors, granted our request. He was also president of the New York State Board of Dental Examiners, so when I went to Buffalo to take my State Board Examinations, in the course of one of our salary negotiations, he asked me to remember my examination number and report to him after the test. A month later I received official notice that I was now licensed and was eligible to practice in New York State. I suspect that I must have scored quite well on the examination, for this is what subsequently happened.

Dr. Burkhart called me into his office one day and explained that the Dispensary was about to start some small satellite clinics in the suburban high schools, and would I be interested in the job. Would I? I could have jumped right up into his lap with an affirmative answer. This opportunity introduced me to several suburban villages, one of which was Fairport, and since my clinic appointment was due to terminate in June, I was looking for a likely place to start a practice. This was a tough decision, because the county clinic job was a real plum, paying not the regular \$30 a week, but \$35. This encouraged me to buy my first auto--a 1933 Plymouth. At last I had struck it rich. By the spring of 1937, I had not only the 1933 car, but also a November 1936-model wife, both in fine condition, your present grandmother and a \$35 a week job, and looking for a place to settle down. With considerable soul-searching, we made our decision, and opened our dental practice in Fairport, New York on July 3, 1937. Since it was a long weekend, we promptly took a three-day vacation. This made no difference whatsoever, since we had no patients to practice on anyway.

As this segment is now assuming the proportions of the novel, Ulysses, I will taper it off with just a mention of a much later opportunity, which could be entitled, "The life and times of Lt. Colonel Whitney." This by itself could be another full-length novel, but I will spare you the nitty-gritty because your parents, aunts and uncles were also involved in this episode, and I'm sure you will hear more about it from them. However, this is how it all began.

In World War II, the United States did not become actively involved until 1940. At that time I was twenty-nine years old, had been in private practice for three years, and son Douglas was two years old. All physicians and dentists under the draft age were subject to immediate call into the Reserve Medical Corp. Consequently, I was a very eligible candidate, and was summoned to the Federal Building for the physical, and paper work. Shortly, I received notice that I was physically fit and had fulfilled the not-too-rigid requirements; they would let me know when to report

for duty. One by one, my dental and medical friends disappeared into the services, some for as long as four years. Daily, I was expecting the promised letter which would read, "Greetings from the White House." I made all of the arrangements to close out my civilian affairs and depart with all of the others. The letter never came, and I never inquired about its delay. There were a few possible reasons.

Since my last name begins with W, my file may have become completely lost in the cabinet--in the Army this is not unusual. However, a better reason could be as follows: at that time there were very few dentists practicing in the east side of suburban Rochester--about seven, as I recall, and at 29, I was the youngest by many years. In other similar situations the recruiting boards had declared a draft-eligible medical person to be essential for that area's health personnel requirement. Thus, I have suspected that I had been placed in this category--that is, until some fifteen years later.

In 1955 I was forty-four years old, with a booming active practice, a professional office building, a home, one wife, three children and a black cocker spaniel named Tinker. Since 1952, I had been requested to appear in Buffalo for routine Army Reserve physical examinations. Your Grandmother and I would drive up for the occasion, then remain overnight for dinner and a show. It was something like a vacation outing, and we often joked about the procedure. However, to my great surprise, on a cold December day in 1954, the letter finally came. It was addressed to Lt. Colonel Charles J. Whitney, requesting my appearance at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, on 5 May 1955. How about that?

This was during the Korean War, and the services were sorely in need of medical personnel who had been in practice for awhile and had acquired some experience--they had lots of Indians, but were short of Chiefs. So, along with our friend, then Major Julius E. Gilda, we took off for San Antonio, had time to stop off for the Kentucky Derby, and arrived to report in on the 5th of May.

We learned to be soldiers in six weeks. Then came the ordeal of orders. Brother Douglas, then a Junior in high school, had

been selected to go to Germany as an American Field Service Exchange student, scheduled to leave the United States in June. On my application for assignment, I designated any station east of the Mississippi River, having no desire to serve in Korea or Alaska. To our pleasant surprise, both Major Gilda and I were ordered to Frankfurt, Germany--not at the same stations, but to the same area; he at the downtown Dispensary, and I at the 97th General Hospital, where I joined a staff of four colonels and one major. Talk about brass--we were really loaded, all Chiefs and no Indians. Typical!

Now to conclude this stroke of good fortune. Douglas arrived in Germany in June of 1955. I came in July, and your Grandmother, Stephen and Janet later on in September. Poor old Tinker was delayed in Bremerhaven until October, orders, \$75 dog crate and all. This made me one of the few Army Colonels who went off to fight for his country, complete with wife, three children, station wagon and a black cocker spaniel. I think we won. And what's more significant, I came home to lunch every day. I liked this because a sage once remarked, "when the husband stops coming home for lunch, the honeymoon is over." I have dutifully come home for lunch for forty years, war or no war.

Finally, this European adventure has to be one of the greatest experiences possible in family living. It was a super educational opportunity for all of us, with new surroundings, a new language, new faces, new friends, travel about Europe, and a chance for me to read, think, and sharpen up my dental techniques and knowledge--it was like a two-year postgraduate course, which was not without a tuition fee. This interlude came at a time when my practice was at its zenith, and I also had other business interests which were obviously neglected. It was not a complete financial disaster, but its impact was in evidence for some years to come. We returned to the United States in the spring of 1957, and were so delighted to be reunited with brother Douglas, who had returned, alone, to enter Dartmouth College during the previous year. I have never regretted this unusual happy time in my life for one

second. We were all winners. Just ask your fathers and mothers about their life, school days, and the travels about Europe.

As, finally, finally, there is often a choice between the acquisition of knowledge or material gain, in my experience the former is the key to the latter. However, there always exists a factor of quality and quantity. Granted, my material gain has not been a virtuoso performance by Texas standards. Many of my unexpected opportunities have been of considerable assistance in finding a happy, rewarding and at least a comfortable way of life.

(P) IS FOR POLITICS

While the word politics usually refers to the science or the art of government, or to one's political opinion on the management of public affairs, it also exists in other forms of human activity. You may become involved in politics more quickly than you might imagine, for we Americans are highly group- or club-oriented individuals. Consequently, there are clubs from kindergarten to the era of the golden-agers. I'll just bet there are more clubs per square acre in the United States than in any other country in the world. People just like to get together in groups, which soon becomes some kind of a club. Then, to justify their existence, they start collecting funds for a civic project, be it for the needy on Railroad Street or in Timbucktoo. Very soon you will become a member in a similar group which will have a president, secretary and treasurer, and, of course, committees. A committee is a small, appointed group within the larger group, whose duty is to meet, keep minutes and waste hours. Consequently, the best committee in the name of efficiency is a committee of two, or even better, one. Nevertheless, the birth of politics begins with the selection of the officers of the group in question.

Where there is any kind of a group activity, I guess some leadership is necessary. Basically, someone has to call the meeting to order for discussion of the project, and to insure the maintenance of the same order during the assembly. For years this "caller to order" individual was known as a chairman, or now chairperson, in certain circles, as the circumstance might dictate. In any event, here you will learn about the word "leadership," and already you are aware of this characteristic in a few of your friends who have identified themselves as "born leaders." You may also be a leader at different levels and varying degrees of ability. The leader usually has some stature in relating to his fellow persons, and will possess many of the following qualities, such as: friendliness, responsibility, reliability, patience, tact; with the judgement of Moses and the decisiveness of a major league baseball umpire.

The good leader must know how to motivate people and create the impression that the ideas and suggestions which they have offered have sound merit, and, more important, that they have thought of them first. You will catch more flies with sugar than you will with vinegar, and honest flattery will get you anywhere. Lastly, he must be very flexible in opinion and quick to effect a compromise on controversial subjects, for no less a political figure than Ben Franklin was known as the "great compromiser." The successful politician has no room in his vocabulary for words like "never" or "always," but plenty of space for "possibly," or "perhaps"; even "maybe" might do. Something like this: "Now, Susie, I have to agree with you. I think your suggestion is just great, and perhaps it will work, but what do you think about making just this one little change in the plan???" Always end the sentence with a question. The answer can usually be resolved, and everyone likes to answer questions.

There will always be a few chiefs and many Indians. It has been said that some individuals make things happen, others watch what is happening, while the remainder (often the majority) have not the least idea of what is going on. Another sage notes that "people will receive as good a government as they deserve." This would suggest the quality of government is directly proportional to the amount of individual citizen interest. Hence, it becomes a personal and civic duty to maintain some knowledge and interest in one's government at every level from the grass-roots to the very top in Washington, D.C. This is a simple task. Inquire, listen, read, and weigh the direction of political movement. Does it meet your standards of requirement? Make your decision and go to the polls and exercise your constitutional right. Someday your one vote could decide the election. Secondly, if you are a really concerned citizen, you can get to know your representative in a one-to-one acquaintance, or write to him with an expression of your opinions. You might even persuade your own friends to join you to augment this viewpoint. Thirdly, if you choose to be a super citizen, you could become active in the party of your choice by offering your services either as a worker, financial backer, or

even a candidate for an office. In no way do I recommend you go the whole route, for it is possible that politics might not be your bag, but I do urge you to at least recognize the necessity of political activity--especially in a democracy--and that you have more than a passing interest in the affairs of state.

Your Grandmother and I, as well as your parents and aunts and uncles, have been politically-oriented citizens. We have often accepted positions of leadership in civic and professional organizations. At one time or another, I have been an officer or a director of school boards, library boards, savings and loan associations, dental societies, national and state dental councils, a delegate to the American Dental Association, just to name a few. However, I have never sought any of these appointments, but have acted as an interested citizen, and when asked to assume responsibility in an official capacity, I have accepted the challenge of stewardship. I used to think that my actions were altruistic or unselfish, and that I just wanted to help the cause to the best of my ability. Now, in retrospect, I realize my contributions were not completely without a subconscious thought of personal gain, for anything which helped my profession or community would also help me in one way or another. The former chairman of General Motors once put it this way: "What is good for America is good for General Motors." At a later date, this statement came back to haunt him by attacks from political critics who reversed the flow of words. This could happen to me.

In the struggle for individual recognition, personal identification and advancement up the mythical ladder of success, politics plays an important role. In the military service, you will hear the saying "R.I.P.," meaning that rank has its privileges. However, in the services, advancement is acquired on a time in grade sequence, and the 2nd lieutenant has to suffer out the indignities of his lowly state until he has served the required time in grade, to become a not-quite-so-lowly 1st lieutenant. And so on and on up the scale, until, in some twenty-odd years, at long last, he becomes a colonel, and then can harass the junior grade officers. For additional information, consult Uncle Douglas.

Even so, the factor of knowing the right people at the right time can hasten the officer's advancement by several years. An occasional gesture of solicitous attention to the colonel's lady will often perform miracles in the reduction of time in grade progressions. Again, refer to Uncle Doug. In any case, this is where a little political savy is really important and often necessary as needed for the situation. This same analogy can be applied to other vocations in the business world, and is commonly referred to as "office politics." Becoming the President of Eastman Kodak is not an accidental happening, since there are many seeking the designation, and you can be certain the eventual winner is a man of personal and political charm. In any event, get yourself ready for some eventual political experience and competition. You will have to be alert, crafty and thick-skinned to overcome the disappointment and pitfalls along the way. President Harry Truman put it nicely, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."

"To be or not to be--that is the question?" Shakespeare pondered this dilemma for several pages, during which he explored several options before arriving at as many possible solutions. He could have put it another way: "Is the question to be or not to be?" Either way, the problem is still the question, or was it the "problem in question"? Webster has a lot to say on the question of question. Briefly, it boils down to this: It is something asked; a matter open for discussion; to dispute, challenge or express doubt. I am beginning to believe it could be the most important word in the dictionary, since it is the fundamental starting point in all of human behavior. Everything starts as a question. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Who knows? If you ask a foolish question, you will get a foolish answer. But is this question foolish? On the surface, yes; but in the same context you may ask, how was the universe created? When? How? Where? From what? By whom? Even more important, why? What actually is life, and is there a life hereafter? It is unlikely that anyone will ever solve this riddle, but it's fun to speculate over the myriad of possible answers, because the bottom line of all questions is only one word--answers.

How does all this affect you? Fortunately, not much, because you are already here. However, nearly everything that happens to you while you are here will depend entirely upon your ability to ask and answer questions. Think of it this way. Questions arise during every waking moment. For example: you start out each day when you open your eyes to face the morning. The first question, should I get up right now or should I go back to sleep and enjoy the pleasant experience in a warm, comfortable bed, ignoring the reality of missing the school bus and being late or even absent from school that day. That will be the day's first question or challenge for you, and your inner conscience will have to come up with an answer. You will be called upon to answer more serious and complicated questions throughout the day, and you will provide answers based on your knowledge, your desires, your moral character and your motivation.

Questions come in all sizes augmented on a scale from one to one million. Some day, questions will be answered by a computer. This possibility leads to another question. Someone will have to be smart enough to program the machine. However, until that time arrives, you will be called upon to solve your problems by using your own computer, your anatomical brain, commonly known as a mind, which is still the best computer ever designed. It is a storehouse for bits of information subject to instant retrieval as the need arises. I have discussed this with you in previous chapters when I have urged you to acquire as much education, knowledge and personal experience as possible. This wealth of information will program your mental computer to make you more capable to face the uncertain and unknown future.

The prime value of questions are not only those which you will have to answer to yourself, but the questions which you will ask others about "things," and I do mean everything. First of all, people are flattered when asked questions, especially about the things that they know and do. The best way to gain a reputation as a good friend and a brilliant conversationalist is to ask questions. You can only learn by listening, never by talking. Someone once told me, "It's better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak up and remove all possible doubt." I now often wish that I had followed this sage advice more often. However, I would hardly expect you to assume the lifestyle of a Trappist Monk who has vows of complete vocal silence; rather I would caution you to weigh your words--then they will become even more valuable. I recall one of my college teachers explaining the response he would like in a pending examination. He put it nicely, "Let's not have a diarrhea of words and a constipation of thought."

Along with letter writing, the age-old art of conversation is a disappearing social grace. Conversation, the finest medium of communication, could be an entire chapter on its own merit. Families are broken up, friends lost, contracts negated, wars started, and businesses fail--all because of a lack of communication. Quite often we fail to hear and interpret correctly just what people are saying to us. This, for two reasons: we are not

listening with complete attention, or the speaker is not expressing in words exactly what is on his mind. You will hear so often "Well, this is what I thought he said," or "This is the way I understood the offer." It takes a good clear mind to organize and convey thoughts in a manner of comprehension. Likewise, a similar mental apparatus is required for reception. The communication avenue goes in two directions, and many of us, unfortunately, only hear what we would like to hear.

The psychologist with ten years of college training finally ends up with only two instruments to practice with, questions and answers. He asks his patient questions related to the problem, and then listens very, very carefully to the response, where within is concealed the often hidden solution to his patient's affliction. Even we allegedly normal mortals are able to solve difficult personal decisions by discussing the same with a patient, kind friend, a chaplain, or, in the last resort, a psychologist. The whole secret is this: in putting our mental concern into words, the solution miraculously becomes obvious. We need to "talk it out," as the saying goes.

During my lifetime, I have witnessed with wonder the results of questions and answers which have had a lasting impact on the era in which I have had the privilege to dwell.

For only a few outstanding examples, just consider the following: in 1944, General Dwight Eisenhower asked a meteorologist for some advice about the weather conditions over the English Channel for the next few days. Poised on the island's shore was the greatest assembly of invasion forces ever known in history. At stake was a beachhead landing on the opposite Normandy shore only a few miles across the channel, where lay entrenched a well-armed German army. The weather report, as might be expected, was not conclusive. The man said the issue was in doubt because a pending cold front, building up out in the Atlantic, was moving eastward at an erratic pace. He could promise some immediate fair weather, to be followed by questionable rain and high seas. Again the question. When? On this sketchy recommendation, and with deep soul-searching, the General

gave his answer, risking not only several years of preparation but, in addition, his reputation. The invasion was started at his command which initiated "The longest day in the year," and remembered in your history books as "D Day." The operation was successful against overwhelming odds, and hastened World War II to its conclusion in the spring of 1945.

Similarly, in 1938, Enrico Fermi, an Italian physicist living in the United States, requested an audience with President Franklin Roosevelt to explain the possibility of a new weapon to end all weapons, an atomic bomb. Roosevelt then asked the obvious question. If such a weapon was a theoretical reality, should the United States enter into a crash program and produce such a device? The answer was encouraging, and in the greatest of secrecy, the bomb was created in record time and tested in the Los Alamos desert, to the surprise of all American and foreign citizens. The President never lived to see the result of his decision, which was eventually made by his successor, Harry Truman, when he directed the air force bomber, the "Enola Gay", to drop the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima. A second bomb on the city of Nagasaki quickly brought the Japanese to sign the necessary surrender documents on the deck of the battleship Missouri in August of 1945. This act not only concluded a long, bitter, bloody war, but also opened up a new nuclear era which is proving to be a Pandora's box.

Certainly not to be overlooked are the questions and answers which ultimately landed Astronaut Neil Armstrong on the surface of the moon to take "a giant step for Mankind." The offer of this exploit had to be made and he did accept. During this period of moon landings, first by mechanical moon buggies and then by astronauts, we Americans, by our television sets, were eyewitnesses to events which opened up the vast, uncharted areas of outer space for human travelers. This paragraph has to be an heroic example of over-simplification, for the feat was a climax of centuries of inventions in the field of science, involving engines, metals, navigation, astronomy, electronics, and physical fitness. Galileo would have been burned at a stake for even proposing such a possibility.

These have been only a few, but perhaps the most outstanding epic worldwide memories which have occurred during my lifetime, and each has left an indelible and lasting mark on the life and time of our planet. However, closer to home, I cannot overlook one particular question which led to a significant and happy influence in the life of our immediate family, to include not only myself, but my own children; and for you, the grandchildren. Your Grandmother has often said, "A question well asked is a question half answered." Way back in 1934, 1935, and 1936, with some temerity, I asked your Grandmother the "BIG QUESTION" several times, and, as you will note, her answer was not immediately forthcoming. However, to my joy and good fortune, she at long last gave an affirmative response to what I considered to be the last half of the question. The wedding took place on one cold November evening in 1936, and, from my viewpoint, I have lived "happily ever afterwards." For me, this has been one of life's most rewarding experiences, and for you, well, just consider the Mendelian probabilities.

Finally, to wrap up this segment on Question, it could all be boiled down in this Grandfatherly formula:

$$\frac{\text{Question}}{\text{Deliberation}} = \text{answer} + \text{definitive action}$$

P.S. It is a matter of record that Grandfather just managed to squeak through high school algebra with a passing grade of 65%, so you may have some difficulty in finding this formula in any other text. Q.E.D.

(R) IS FOR RELIGION

A Presbyterian is tough--because
His way of life is rough--he knows
That sin and death are fated--and--
All his acts predestinated.

In the school of religious education, I have taken the course. For the first twenty-four years of my life, I was a one-hundred percenter, attending Presbyterian churches through childhood, secondary schools and college. The latter had a compulsory chapel three mornings a week at 8:00 AM. Since I had already arisen before six to wait on table for my breakfast and faced a busy school day ahead, I must admit I was not in the best of a receptive mood to listen to the gospel message--in fact I think this experience did me in with religion. At least it could have been the final blow.

Your Grandmother's mother, your Great-grandmother Fannie Buck, was a talented church organist back in the days before electric organ air-compressors. The energy which made the organ go every service was rated not in horsepower, but one boy-power. I was that boy. The bellows of the pipe organ was in a structure about the size of a medium clothes closet located in back of the altar, in among the vital parts of the instrument. My task was to sit in this confined cubicle, and at a tap, tap, tap signal from the organist, I would start pumping on a handle, which looked very much like an old-fashioned water pump. It was not real hard work, but as the man has said, constant. Naturally, I could hear the music and the sermons, but from that day on, I have always associated all religious services with physical work--not hard, but, as above, constant. Even when I go to church today, and I sometimes do, I still object to the hymns with more than four verses--to me that's a lot of pumping. In addition, I also had to ring the church bells before and after the services, and that was a lot of pulling.

However, in spite of this early indoctrination--you had better believe that I am a believer. Not the shouting, hell-fire and brimstone variety, but a seven-day-a-week, quiet, constant,

practitioner of the faith. What faith, you may rightly ask? There are so many; almost as many as there are people, and they exhibit their devotion in strange ways. When you boil them all down and scrape off the trimmings, there is hardly an ounce of difference between them. So, right or wrong, I have figured out my own solution which is perplexing to say the least.

Religions in general have had a checkered history which is not surprising because they have been fabricated by human beings from a cloth of fear, superstition and ignorance of the unknown, past, and future. Religious historians have seized these premises, and, for the most part, reported events to suit their own images, wishes and designs. This has existed since the pagan cave dwellers worshipped statues, stars, animals, and anything that caught their fancy. Unfortunately, if the cult had sufficient followers and strength, they would try to force their belief on others who did not agree with the dogma. Consequently, the world's early history is filled with so-called crusaders and religious wars--to the extreme in which more souls were slaughtered than saved. Within my memory, our missionaries have been covering the globe and into the remote jungles to save the heathens who have followed their own crude forms of worship, which for centuries have served their purposes according to their customs, needs and habitat.

People have a way of messing up religion--this due to their own inability to live together in a truly Christian manner. This fact could account for many of the splinter groups within the ecumenical structure. Take for example almost any small community having a four corners at the main street. What will you see? Four churches--one on each corner and all of the same faith, but completely subdivided into a dry, wet, orthodox and a reformed variety. Their creed and objective are identical but the congregations cannot agree among themselves on simple non-related issues, like, for instance, who will be chairman of the music committee. Certain of the group just don't like the way the church is being managed. Do they turn the other cheek? Of course not. They start up another church. A very good clergy-

man friend put it this way: "They couldn't stay, they had to go. Praise the Lord from whom all blessings flow."

It is impossible for the mere human mind to grasp the magnitude of the universe--when and how was it contrived? By what forces and for what purpose? Could it have been completed in six days? Well, it could have been. No one will ever know, and from this enigma rises the debate concerning our origin and, to follow naturally, our fate and final destination. One thing for certain, compared to the infinite size of the universe, one small human inhabitant (me) is a microscopic component. However, as a minute particle of cellular life on this planet, I do have to live with and relate with others of my kind during my earthly tour of duty. To complete this assignment with the least amount of trauma (to others and myself), it becomes incumbent for me to exist under an acceptable code of ethics or behaviorism. THIS IS WHERE RELIGION COMES INTO THE PICTURE.

Religion is the belief of a divine, or superhuman power, especially in a PERSONAL GOD, and is manifest in the outward acts and practices of life that grow out of respect for such a God. The creeds which have been documented since the year number one were sadly needed at that time as they are today. They provide a moral, ethical and social code of existence for the human inhabitants of this earth. Without some restraint on individual activities, we would be living like a maddened pack of wild animals--or perhaps not as well. Even the wildest of wild creatures have a social code to preserve the species.

Rising up out of the necessity for some type of an ethical, social guideline for human association came two very similar, simple solutions. They are to be found in (1) the Ten Commandments, and (2) Christ's Sermon on the Mount, New Testament, St. Matthew, Chapter Five. Learn them well, whether you decide to become a Christian or not. Scribes credit these philosophies to Moses and Jesus Christ--but frankly, I believe that both were ideas whose time had come, and if these two had not come up with the suggestions, someone else would have done so in short order. Of course, as you know, I haven't even mentioned the Moslems, the

Hindus or the Buddhists who have their own beliefs about religion, however; again the similarity is striking, and oddly enough their supporters outnumber the Christians and Jews. So it still reverts back not so much to the basic philosophy, but the manner in which the product is merchandised. Only the method differs. The word "marketing" has been around a long, long time in one form or another. So, where does this all leave me--? Perplexed and puzzled.

I am going along with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It is not difficult for me to operate under this social code of behaviorism. I can live it twenty-four hours each day, as best I can. I have the feeling I am too ignorant to understand the litany of the gospel in their many different interpretations, and just barely bright enough not to be taken in by the same in its entirety. I feel no need of instruction, advice, encouragement or supervision to keep me on the straight and narrow path. I have never had the urge to become "born again," or a compulsion to confess my sins to a third party, who in his judgement might clear my befouled slate for another week, month or year, whatever the current dogma dictates. On the surface, my approach to religion could present a sanctimonious holier-than-thou position. It could very well be just that. Sins come in all sizes and I do not want to cast the first stone. I do not suggest or encourage any of you to join me in this way of life. There is a good possibility I am completely wrong in my conclusions, but my own temperament, personality and glandular apparatus have, to date, led to a comfortable life-style, and I am ready to take my chances in the hereafter and meet my Maker on the basis of my past record.

An elderly man on his death bed was visited by his well-meaning minister, who inquired of his somewhat delinquent-in-attendance parishioner if he were ready to make his peace with the Lord. The sick man replied, "I have never been aware of any differences of opinion between the Lord and myself." I can support this attitude with a clear conscience.

I am not above expressing gratitude to my Maker for His help, patience and guidance in my behalf, but I would never consider asking in my prayers for favors which even I would know were undeserved.

And at last, and finally--should I ever need to make a final prayer, it would go like this (one taught to me by my mother):

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Keep and guard me through the night.
Till I see the morning light.

AMEN

(S) IS FOR SUCCESS

We would all like to be successful in our daily endeavors, for the sum and substance of each day's totals will eventually add up to the result of a lifetime of accomplishment. This axiom you will learn someday in a course called geometry, which says that the total is equal to the sum of its parts. The logical questions which now surface would be: by what means or standards do we measure success; how successful have we been? Success can relate to the favorable end result of an undertaking, the gaining of wealth or fame, or the like, or a person or thing which turns out well. Whatever success really is, one thing is certain--it comes in all sizes. Consider what has been often called a Mexican Victory: "We didn't win, but we escaped with our lives," or "The enterprise which had no failures but various degrees of success." So again, what is success? I would like to include an excellent definition mentioned by one Ann Landers, who received the item from one of her readers whose name is unknown. It is one of the best I have ever seen.

Success is a word with a thousand definitions. A great many people equate success with money. Almost always, these people are of modest means, but there is strong testimony to the fact that there are millions of affluent "failures," and an equal number of successes who have nothing in the bank. The definition is as follows:

To laugh often and love much;

To win the respect of intelligent persons and the affection of children;

To earn the approval of honest critics and endure the betrayal of a false friend;

To appreciate beauty;

To find the best in others;

To give of one's self without the slightest thought of return;

To have accomplished a task, whether by a happy child, a rescued soul, a garden path, or a redeemed social condition;

To have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exultation;

To know that even one life has breathed easier because you have lived;

This to have succeeded.

This description on the subject of success is so well done that a person of more prudent judgement would now conclude and end all discussion on a high note. I should follow a fleeting impulse and accept this good advice. However, by so doing I may lose a fine illustration of the fine dividing line between success and failure. So, at the risk of failure, I would only like to expand on the consensus indicating that SUCCESS is not spelled SUCCE\$\$, as generally accepted by public opinion.

Nothing succeeds like success, for success is a state of mind. Success provides an individual with a sense of inner satisfaction within his mental consciousness. There is an immense satisfaction in the completion of a task, problem, or an assignment carried out to a successful conclusion. The standard of excellence is obvious; the thing either works or it doesn't, and the degree is even more evident--how well? This approach is something you can test out immediately, regardless of the task--the more simple the better. Even Einstein observed that everything should be as simple as possible, but no simpler; complete this simple task to the best of your ability. Have tenacity and stick with it until it does work out--don't give up--it will work out, and when it does, you will have tasted the sweet fruits of success. Great success is only the achievement of many little successes--when you then become success-orientated, you will no longer be conditioned to accept failure.

Someday you may run across a fine book entitled, The Peter Principle, which, among many other things, discusses failure and success. Peter's theory suggests every person can rise to his own level of competency, or incompetency, as the case may be. Briefly, the good kindergarten school teacher may be competent, happy and very successful in her role, but should her superiors, impressed by her record, advance her in a promotion to a supervisory position over several grades, then the result could be complete disaster. Her forte is in her personal ability to

relate with small children and not in the direction of adults. In this status she quickly becomes incompetent, unhappy, and unsuccessful. The lesson in this case history tends to illustrate the necessity of finding your interests and abilities in a specific vocation and devoting your energies in the pursuit of this goal or objective.

In summary, while it is fine always to keep a dream in your pocket, it is often more practical to seek personal success in areas of your own talents and abilities. Remembering that success is not always totaled in material wealth but in personal achievement and satisfaction, you will be amazed that the latter often ends up in the former. The Rotary Clubs have as their motto: "He profits most who serves the best."

Arriving at this happy state of affairs may not be as simple as A B C, but it worth a try, perhaps as D E F on the journey in the search of success. GOOD LUCK.

(T) IS FOR TIME

Time is a commodity not unlike corn, wheat, oats, or even soy beans, and it operates under similar laws of supply and demand. When you need it, you don't have it--when you don't need it you will have more than you know what to do with. You are born with a built-in time schedule, and from that moment on you will start to die a little bit each day, and all of this within your own allotment of time. So don't be dismayed, as every living thing is subject to the time cycle which seems to control its destiny. It may require seventy years to produce a sturdy oak, but three months is enough for a squash.

As earthlings we are subjected to twenty-four sixty-minute hours each day. This is convenient because the earth is about 25,000 miles in circumference, and by spinning around on its axis it can make the circuit in about twenty-four hours, rotating at a rate of 1000 miles per hour, give or take a few minutes. This slack is taken up by sticking in a leap day every four years with a February 29th, together with a few leap seconds yearly as required to balance the equation. I have never been completely satisfied with this situation. If I had to go through this whole experience again and had my druthers, I would elect to live on a slightly larger planet--say one about 32,000 miles around--then turning at the same rate of speed each day would have thirty-two hours. How about that? With this slight change I would have the usual eight hours to work, ten hours to sleep, ten hours to work in my garden, do odd hobby-type jobs, run errands for your grandmother--this would consume twenty-eight hours. Then I still would have remaining two hours for naps and two hours for just plain goofing off. For the leap year, I would eliminate February 29th completely (who needs an extra day in February?). I would insert the day at the end of June when the weather is a bit more pleasant, I might even do away with February completely--it's a miserable month. Some rainy day I'll work out this plan in a little more detail.

There is a time and place for everything, and in addition, everything in its place--so says your grandmother, especially as she is picking up my prized possessions, which I often leave about in a startling state of disarray. Time also heals all wounds and broken hearts; the latter repairing themselves in a surprisingly short period, while a fair-sized wound may require several weeks to become resolved. An old German hunting companion put it this way, "Tears shed over the first love are pearls, those shed over the second love are diamonds, but the tears shed over the third love are only salt." Evidently time is the greatest healing medicament of all--our mistakes, sorrows and quarrels have a way of becoming less heartbreaking as time goes by, and perhaps they are replaced with newer and even more serious grievances; only time will dilute the intensity of the trauma.

Time is the mix that produces history, inventions, goats, heros and social progress, and in this pudding you will become an ingredient. Time is an asset which you cannot hoard or stash away for future consumption. Learn to use it wisely to prepare yourself for the future by acquiring knowledge of your surrounding environment. Keep your mind alert and receptive to the world about your presence. Develop an intense curiosity which will investigate activities you will encounter along the way. Become a mental scientist with a desire to observe and examine material, natural, and even cosmic phenomena. These wonders provide excellent mental exercise and the good mind requires stimulation just as does the muscle. You will meet many people who have a deep reservoir of information about many things. Ask them questions about their special interests. More important, LISTEN to what they say, then store the important facts away in your memory bank to be recalled for use at some later date. You will only learn when you are listening, not talking. Most of us are not blessed with the gear for original, creative thinking, but we all can assemble, collect and add to our collection thoughts of others who have something worthwhile to offer. As a fringe benefit, you will also be gaining a host of new friends and

acquaintances, for you will find every human mortal eager to relate his knowledge about his hobbies and interests.

You will be hearing about something or somebody who has good timing, and usually this is a factor over which you will have no control, for again, it's a question of being in the right place at the right time. Events in history tend to support this observation. Old time-honored vocations are being constantly replaced by the new concepts of scientific discovery--the blacksmith who used to shoe the horses now runs the corner service station and repairs the flat tires on your auto. I once knew a man who was a salesman for horseshoes and the nails holding the shoes on the horse. The advent of the automobile put him out of business. This transition is known as progress--a disaster for some, a bonanza for others. It depends on who you are and what you might be doing at that given time. It's all a matter of timing.

For example, the first practical airplane made its appearance at the turn of this century. This was made possible by the development of a light-weight gasoline engine. Obviously, it was impossible to raise any plane off the ground with the bulky, coal-fired steam engines, which in that day were the principle source of mechanical power. The first conventional gasoline engines were made of cast iron, and the ratio of pounds per horsepower were completely out of proportion for practical aviation. Consequently the airplane had to wait not only for the discovery of oil and gasoline, but also for the discovery of a new and lighter metal (aluminum), to use its energy in an economical manner.

Within the span of your memory, the recent trips to the moon would have been impossible even twenty-five years ago. The time sequence of invention had to develop a new family of metals and fuels for the rocket devices. This task was extremely difficult, but once the bird had the wings it still needed a brain almost as functional as your own. This, as now everyone knows, is called a computer. It means to figure, reckon, or to calculate, and is composed of unbelievable numbers of electronic components,

called chips. It has changed our way of life. This electronic brain guides and directs the astronaut's vehicle, and without this device, unknown only a few short years ago, space travel as we have seen would have been impossible. So you see, this event has ushered in a new beginning of a concept of fuels, metals, radio communication, navigational systems, computers and fantastic associated components which will have a direct impact on the lifestyle of yourself and your grandchildren.

When I was about your age, one of my favorite magazines was Popular Mechanics, and I can recall an artist's sketch of a proposed transatlantic passenger airplane which would fly back and forth between the continents in only a few hours. This was a dream world for nuts and small boys, when you realize that the current planes, with only a few sacks of mail had more than a little trouble flying from Rochester to New York City on a clear day. However, came 1926 and one Charles Lindberg flew a single-winged airplane non-stop from New York to Paris, France in thirty three hours. It was an idea whose time had come, and with it a wonderful new era, for now the Concorde makes the trip in three hours, and in so doing, beats the sun.

Believe me, there are many, many similar new eras in our future, and you could well be an important participant in some of these exciting events. It will depend a lot on the timing.

(U) IS FOR US

US (us) Pron. (OE) Objective case of WE or U.S. United States. This short, terse statement is offered by Webster's latest New World Dictionary, which then abruptly drops the entire subject. To me, this could prove to be the most important segment of this rambling booklet. First of all, it will deal with (US) as a family, or if you choose to be objective, (WE), as Webster points out. Not only will you find out just how (WE) originally did get into the (U.S.), which now becomes the United States, but even more specifically, how did (WE) all finally get together up here in central New York State.

Your maternal Grandmother, Grace Buck Whitney, has devoted several years of searching out the geneology of your forbears. This she has done with her usual methodical diligence, and, as many of you already know, she has compiled the results of her effort in a more detailed volume describing your family tree in the ancestral forest. So it is timely, fitting and fortunate that your Grandmother Whitney should take over this portion of (US) and supply a distilled version of her observations and findings. To coin a phrase, here is Grandma, who will say this about that.

Who am I?

Where did I come from?

Where am I going?

From the Latin word genus, we find the derivations: geneology, genes and gender. So, for you who have the name Whitney, or are descendents of Charles and Grace, you also are Smith, Buck, Johnson, Rosvall, Everts, Webb, Gray, Ball, Gardner, Allen, Adams, Chandler, Bradford, and many others. All this plus the spouses of Douglas, Stephen and Janet.

So far as can be determined, most of these ancestors came to America in the 1600's or 1700's from England. They settled in New England (Massachusetts, Vermont or Connecticut), established homes, and became early colonists. Many of them fought in the Revolutionary War.

As the country grew, the colonists pushed westward. The descendents of these early settlers moved to New York State in the early 1800's, settling near the Mohawk River in Herkimer County and Whitestown. From there they came to Scriba Territory, a large portion of land bordering Lake Ontario. This was a new frontier, and they bought land in the wilderness, built log cabins, had large families, and established schools and churches. Mexico, New York in the late 1800's was a thriving, prosperous community. The log cabins were replaced by homes of more stature and the atmosphere was one of building, progress, establishing laws of government and education.

In our geneology book, which you all have, your lineage goes back to Mathias Whitney, father of Cornelius Sr., born in Massachusetts in 1720. Cornelius was a Revolutionary War soldier. We find Polycarpus Smith, who came from England or Wales, to Cape Cod. His son, Daniel, was a soldier in the same war. There is a John Evarts who was made a freeman in Concord, Mass. in 1638, purchased land, and became an admitted planter in 1651. Of Olsen Rosvall we know little, except that he came from Sweden and settled in Kansas. Pursuit of this line is a future project.

On the maternal side, we learn there were several immigrants of the Buck family from England in Massachusetts and Connecticut before 1790, and their descendents are numerous in all parts of the country.

John Gray came to the United States from Northern Ireland in the late 1700's, and his son Nicholas was a soldier in the War of 1812.

My geneology of the Ball family stops with Ora, who was born in 1804. When Aunt Peg and I were children, we were told by a shirt-tail relative, who was a geneology researcher, that Ora was of the same family as Mary Ball, mother of George Washington. Since whenever I mentioned this relationship to my young friends I was laughed at, I have never had the desire to investigate the connection--although if any of you wish to start with Ora, it might prove to be interesting.

The Webbs and Allens were exciting people--leaders, doers, educated, and prosperous. Through them we can trace back to Governor Bradford, whose family came to America on the Mayflower. Here also we find Adams, Saltonstalls and others who not only fought in the Revolution, but were partly responsible for the constitutional rights which we enjoy today.

Information on the Johnsons is sketchy before 1800, although James must have settled in Volney (near Fulton, New York) before the century began. His grandson and my grandfather George, as well as his brother Stephen, graduated from Albany Medical School and practiced in Oswego and Mexico.

To sum it all up, in this age of ethnic awareness it is interesting to note that our heritage has a sameness. This may denote dullness, or it could mean stability. It may be good or bad, but it is a fact that our forebears were pioneers, mostly from the British Isles. They had dreams but little wealth or social position. They had stability, they worked hard, they had large families. They came to America seeking a better way of life, bringing little but their hands and brains. With these and the natural resources, they felled the timber, built homes, roads, and then schools and churches. They were willing to fight for freedom to do this, and established their own laws for living together. If they feared the future, they did not allow these fears to deter them. They took what was here and made it better.

To our grandchildren who may have strains of German, French, Irish and other blood in their veins, I would say, "Be Proud of It," and try to use the best of all strains to develop character and personality. America is referred to as the "Melting Pot," and the best of stews has several ingredients, with a few spices thrown in.

WELL DONE, Grandmother Whitney. I would only like to interrupt to insert my admiration, congratulations and thanks for her superb management of this segment (U), and also of (ME), should I ever decide to write one, which is most unlikely. I will now allow her to continue with her conclusion which will, in this instance, permit her to have the last word.

She continues: "Today, in our materialistic society with two cars in many families, malls in every community, dishwashers, icemakers, etc., etc., it appears that we expect all of this. But with all of this, we have become dependent on other countries to live in the manner in which we have become accustomed, such as oil.

"Is this the dream that our forefathers had for us?????"

(V) IS FOR VENTURE

VENTURE--a daring or dangerous undertaking. An enterprise involving risk: to take a chance or become exposed to danger. The adventurer, a person who is encountering new and exciting events and is often forced to live by his wits in situations which require courage.

Surely, unless by unusual accidental circumstances, adventurers are born, not made. While all of you grandchildren may not be endowed with the urge to follow the path of the dyed-in-the-wool adventurer, the laws of probability indicate that a few of you will do just that. For those of you who accept the call to this way of life, please do so with my approval, my blessing, and, when all seems to be lost, my sympathy. As the dictionary suggests, the journey of the adventurer can be precarious, rewarding, and more often a complete disaster by every means of comparison.

In essence, history is a record of ventures by adventurers, and, for the most part, chronicles only the exploits of successful accomplishment of those who have had the good fortune to taste the sweet fruit of their endeavor. Venture is a game where the losers outnumber the winners in an astronomic proportion. This conclusion holds little significance, since for the true adventurer, loss, gain, risk, or failure never seems to be an issue. It is the excitement of the expedition which spurs them on, and any consequence, either good or bad, is but a fringe benefit. The possibility of failure, even in spite of overwhelming odds never appears to disturb them one bit.

You have all heard the old chestnuts, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "Faint heart never won a fair lady," "He who hesitates is lost." The Chinese put it in another way: "The journey of one thousand miles starts with the first step." Everyone from Archimedes to Einstein has made similar observations on the subject, which all boils down to two short words in any language: DO IT. If you would like

to move this equation into a second power, it can easily be accomplished by adding another short word, known as NOW. For the amateur mathematician, the formula would look something like this: $DO\ IT \times NOW\ (squared) = (A)\ Adventure.$

The evidence of venture has been around for some time. Certainly, the creation of the universe was the earliest example of this phenomenon even if a suitable descriptive word would await discovery until a much later date. The mysterious forces which shaped our small-by-comparison galaxy finally developed a small familiar planet on which we reside and call our home. Someone named it Earth. How sad. A rather dull name, compared to Venus, Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter. Fortunately it was not Pluto. I'm sure whoever picked out our name had no flair for marketing expertise. Imagine in the far distant future some outer space visitor will open the door of his space capsule and inquire from a nearby earthling about his whereabouts. His informant will respond by saying, "Well, this is Earth." What a shame. Why couldn't it have been Olympus, or Shangri-la, or even Oceana, since there is really more water than earth on our sphere.

Human venture has also been around for a long time as well, and even before history of significant events were first hammered into stone. Consequently, very little is known about these "good old days," and the primitive lifestyle is a matter of conjecture or speculation. However, some cave man, turning blue from the bitter cold, had to construct a crude shelter for his family dwelling, start the first fire, and bring home the first dinosaur bacon to char over his patio barbecue. Filling out the family shopping list was no small task in that era. Spears, slingshots, bows and arrows, and fishing hooks had to be invented by some stone-age Edison. Now, armed with these crude implements, the venturesome hunter had to go out into the fields and forests to ply his trade in the capture of fierce animals, which more often than not were winners in the contest. Primitive cliff inscriptions fail to reveal the presence of any Neanderthalic Julia Childs, nor is there any credit accorded the first ape-man who

summoned enough courage to swallow the first oyster. In any event, it was a long trip to the supermarket.

The invention of a stylus, or pen, gave us better information about those brave, restless souls who had the imagination, courage and ambition to undertake ventures which are now accepted as everyday, commonplace undertakings. I will make no effort to completely open this Pandora's box of discovery and achievement which has been credited for opening the door into our so-called civilized society. However, I just can't resist a hasty peek, and you will readily recognize many of the cast of characters. For example: Marco Polo, the Scandinavian Vikings, Christopher Columbus, the Spanish Conquistadors, Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Balboa, the Pilgrims, LaSalle, Hendrick Hudson, Joliet, Rogers and Clark, Davy Crockett, Samuel Johnson, the wagon train settlers of the mid and far West, the Canadian Pacific Railroad builders, and so on and on, until you reach the Wright Brothers of Kitty Hawk fame. As each event seems to set a sequence for greater ventures, the crude Wright airplane made possible the exploits of those in the Charles Lindberg generation up to the grand finale, as demonstrated by the Astronauts in their unbelievable space travel and witnessed by many of your generation.

Unfortunately, the opportunity for these super ventures, as accomplished and enjoyed by those mentioned above, is fast disappearing from the earthly scene. Just about every square inch of this planet has been visited, explored, exposed, catalogued, assayed, and analyzed. Even on our closest celestial neighbor, the moon, there are not only the trace of human footprints, discarded lunch boxes, but, would you believe, a golf club, a moon dust divot, and somewhere in a lunar crater, a golf ball. All of this has taken place within our life span, and only a mere 238,857 miles from your back door. Our tiny explorer vehicles have approached, photographed and chemically tested the outer atmosphere of such giants as Saturn and Jupiter, who circle in a solar orbit millions of miles from their launch pads in Cape Canaveral. So, "what is left," you will ask?

Venture and adventure will always be available, but in different sizes. You might consider the past, as outlined above, had been an era of mass disclosure, and within your future lies a whole new opportunity to consolidate and refine all of this wealth of raw materials into a more economic use. This philosophy becomes more relevant in an entirely new concept and conquest for human survival. Within this tangled social mores and lifestyle you will find great opportunities for venture and discovery. Your author (grandfather) is a real believer in venture. I don't expect miracles, I depend on them. I have had a lifetime record of attempting projects in which I have no knowledge, aptitude or ability--so many of them have never worked out for those obvious reasons. However, I am not discouraged in the least. It's been a lot of fun, and I have every intention of following this course. I hope that you will too.

Start with little ventures. Be alert; keep your eyes and ears open. Ask questions. Don't give up. I once knew a little boy who found a dollar bill in a prickly bush on his way to school. It was a good beginning.

(W) IS FOR WAR

"War is Hell." So said Union General Sherman as his Northern troops were burning the city of Atlanta on his victorious march to the sea, bringing to an end the long, bloody conflict between the North and the South, who were engaged in the American Civil War. The General's comment was an understatement, but I'm sure he used the strongest printable words in his vocabulary. Sadly, every sane citizen has shared and echoed this opinion since year number one on anybody's calendar, and hell was not even a household word in that era. I think they must have had another word descriptive of the catastrophe.

Unfortunately, the characteristics of greed, lust for power, and selfishness have high priority in the scale of human emotions. As I have mentioned on other pages, true natural processes are often savage and violent, so I have a feeling there is a relationship between war and nature's scheme. Now we are faced with a question: is there any justification for war? In nature, the "eat or be eaten" struggle for existence contradicts the philosophy that the meek shall inherit the earth when, in fact, nature abhors a vacuum, and strong forces appear to absorb the weak in one manner or another. There are oppressors and depressors, majorities and minorities, attackers and defenders, aggressors and aggrieved, tyrants and slaves, pluses and minuses, and finally, winners and losers. Let's take an obvious example. The weather pattern is a low pressure system which produces the rain, snow blizzards, hurricanes, and tornados. The energy released in some of these storms could equal several atomic bomb explosions in the intensity of material destruction. Natural processes replace this foul condition with an invasion of high pressure, which brings along cool, windy weather, to be followed shortly by nice, warm, sunny days. This cycle keeps repeating at periodic intervals. In fact, the weather is constantly in a state of war and peace, and we humans are often victims of this struggle.

Now prepare yourself for a shocker when I become the Devil's Advocate. While it is true that Hannibal, Franklin Roosevelt, Sherman and your Grandfather are all on record for hating war, isn't it possible that war has a useful purpose? If you will accept the presence of a Supreme Being, and I hope that you do, we mortals are not in any position to judge the ultimate portrait on the yet-unfinished canvas. Recordable history reveals but one little picture frame, perhaps a fraction of a second, in the time sequence of a six-hour movie. Within the context of this reasoning, there must be some justification for the spectre of war which we are not able to comprehend. Explanations in bygone years suggest war controls the population growth, but I think this argument is self-defeating, since armies enlist only the most fit physical specimens, leaving the unfit to perpetuate the race. This is contrary to the rules of nature (see Insects and Utopia). During World War I, the mass of wounded provided a laboratory experiment for new drugs, surgery and shock treatment, which even until today has furnished the know-how in prolonging the human span of life. In World War II, rockets, airplanes, communication systems and the discovery of nuclear secrets advanced civilian progress in the post-war period. These newer concepts would have come along eventually, but the pressures of war surely speeded their advent. It is interesting to note that the discovery of new weapons of war have been touted to be the final knell of all wars. Consider the early weapons of combat--sticks and stones, then knives and spears, bows and arrows, gun powder, and finally nuclear bombs, in that order.

Still the conflicts continue, and at this very moment (March 14, 1978), people are shooting at one or another in faraway places like Ethiopia, Vietnam, and Israel, with the horrible waste of precious life and raw materials. True, I do not have much enthusiasm for any theory in support of earth-racking wars, but in the "grand over-all scheme of God's World," there must be a reason too difficult to comprehend, much less explain.

The spectre of war has always been with us. Conflicts have their roots in differences of opinion on such items as religion,

boundaries, races, ideals, land, political power, honor, gold, fish, game, and furs. Wars come in all sizes, and seemingly in cycles, as the history books will testify. There has scarcely been a moment in man's memory when the entire world has enjoyed complete peaceful tranquility. It's too bad.

I was born in the early twentieth century, and have seen our nation engaged in four wars. We Americans born in this brief span of years are unique in having experienced more wars than any other generation in our country--a sad commentary on this violent century. However, within the memory of our citizens, with the exception of our own Civil War, we are indeed fortunate not to have had the horrors of martial conflict on our own soil. Having been in Germany during the immediate past war years, I had the opportunity to see the effect of the physical devastation and interview both the participants and the survivors. The trauma defies all imagination and description. You will read about this in text books and see it in movies and television documentaries. Pictures and words are inadequate to portray the material and physical damage.

War crosses the threshold of almost every family unit from generation to generation. My Uncle Elmer Smith was an Army private in World War I. I was about seven years old; consequently, my recollections of that era are not vivid. I remember the newspapers with the pictures of soldiers in trenches, ships, guns and airplanes, the concern of neighbors who had family in the services; also the women who rolled bandages for the Red Cross and saved walnut shells for the gas masks. I recall my uncle's safe return in his crude Army uniform and his trunk full of German war trophies as souvenirs, especially the helmets, hand grenades and the bayonets. Finally, there was Armistice Day on November 11, 1918, when the villagers rang the church bells and rolled milk cans down the streets to make any kind of a racket suitable for the welcomed occasion.

In World War II, your Great-uncle Cliff Ruth was an Army combat infantryman, and the story of his experiences could be a full-length novel. Briefly, he was reported to have been

missing in action in October of 1944, actually having been taken as a prisoner of war by the Germans a month previously, in September. His whereabouts were unknown until December, when your Aunt Margaret received a crumpled, stained, white postcard with her husband's handwriting. The message: "I am a prisoner of war in an East German prison camp." This good news was the subject of a Christmas sermon in a Mexico, New York church: "A white gift for Christmas." What a present for your Aunt Margaret.

In 1955, I was called into the Army Dental Corp for service during the Korean War. Fortunately for me, I was attached to the 97th General Hospital in Frankfurt, Germany. Here, as a Lt. Colonel, I was assigned to the Dental Clinic, working regular hours and living in a comfortable apartment with my wife and children. My tour of duty proved to be more of a working vacation than a hardship during my two years of army life. The Korean War finally ended in an inconclusive stalemate with prolonged peace negotiations. We did not win that war in any sense of the word.

The next generation to become involved with America's wars were several members of your own immediate family, and this is within the lifetime and memory of a few of my grandchildren, for whom this chronicle is being written. This was the era of the United States' tragic commitment in South Vietnam. Douglas Whitney was in the ROTC program while a student at Dartmouth College and Michigan Law School, and at the conclusion of his education, his obligation to the armed services was two years. Consequently, he took off his cap and gown and went directly into the Army, pausing only long enough to marry one Jean Hutchings; when, after the nuptials were secured, they drove off to face married life on that cold December day, in a horse-drawn sleigh. What a way to go! Lieutenant Whitney spent about one year in training in the United States, and the balance of his time in the Communications Corp in Vietnam. Fortunately, his duty was more administration than combat.

Dorn Ulrich, a very eligible draft candidate after his graduation from Duke University, elected to volunteer in the Navy

as an Ordinary Seaman for a four-year tour of duty. Before reporting for duty, he married Janet Whitney, and they spent their honeymoon touring Europe, where sister Jan visited Frankfurt, Germany and renewed acquaintance with her temporary home in her childhood. As a husband and wife military team, they were stationed on the West Coast for several years, after which Dorn was assigned to the aircraft carrier Constellation, where he spent almost a year in a battle station just off the coast of South Vietnam.

Cousin Michael Ruth chose a career in the United States Navy and, upon graduating from the Naval Academy, he was assigned to the Navy Air Corp, and soon became qualified as a carrier-based bomber pilot. His duty was on the carrier Kitty Hawk, and he became involved in many bombing missions over the land mass of North Vietnam. Ask him to tell you about some of his experiences. He can entertain you for hours--he might even tell you about his surprise landing on the Coral Sea.

The Good Lord was kind to our family, as all of our war-involved members served their country with quiet cooperation, honorable distinction, and were returned to their households unscathed from the ordeal.

In the time of war, "they also serve who sit at home and wait." The uncertainty and anxiety is a burden to all members of the family unit. You will hear your parents mention these trying years in their lives. Encourage them to tell you more about this period of living history, as there are many lessons to be learned from this eyewitness account.

War tends to either unite a nation, or tear it apart with dissension, and we have illustrations of these effects during our last four wars. I understand our citizens supported the government during World War I, and, as a witness, I know the country was united as never before in support of World War II. I remember the troop trains departing from the tiny railroad depot in the village of Fairport, with tearful families and friends waving, for some a final good-bye. The subsequent casualty lists testify to this fact, and soon the Gold Star

mothers were to place that symbol in a front window. In this war everyone was involved in the actual service or with home front activities. Across the land, munitions factories were humming with production, staffed by any able-bodied citizen, young and old, male and female. The ladies doing hard physical labor in the airplane plants were to become known as "Rosie the Riveter."

There were but few luxury items available for the home-bound citizen, and one and all accepted with very little complaint a rigid, rationing system which restricted such items as gasoline, sugar, meat, shoes and tobacco. You might say that the entire country was in a state of conscription. The military uniform was a symbol of respect and admiration, and the wearer was a genuine hero, regardless of rank. The large coastal cities were darkened at night by turning out most of their electric lights. This was known as a "black-out." I can recall being in New York City at a time when "The Great White Way" was in reality, "The Great Black Way," and a stranger made his way about the city's streets with considerable difficulty. The fear of enemy attack was quite genuine in the minds of defense officials, and even the smallest village, like Fairport, had its airplane spotting stations, manned twenty-four hours a day by volunteer citizens. I was one of them.

Victory in Europe (V.E. Day) came in May of 1945. It was a signal for a national day of celebration, in spite of the continuing war with Japan, which seemed to be far from conclusion on that spring day. However, the explosion of two new weapons, atomic bombs, on Japanese soil hastened the enemy's surrender more quickly than had ever been expected. Victory in Japan (V.J. Day) in August of the same year triggered a repeat performance of V.E. Day, and, as I recall, this celebration continued on for several days. It signaled a period of prayer, thanks, and a sense of relief, and national pride was the order of the day. America was united in this common effort as never before in its history. Certainly this was our country's greatest hour, and it will be a hard act to follow.

The Korean War was a semi-disaster in the annals of American history, and many of our citizens did not recognize its importance or, unless they were directly involved, its presence. There was very little public support for this action, in spite of the fact that American boys were being killed and wounded daily. Business and life went on as usual. The few who were drafted, fought and ended up either as veterans or casualties in the conflict, bore all of the burden and hardship, while the average homefront citizen was not affected one little bit. Small wonder, then, the unfortunate ill-fated contest lingered on with an eventual inconclusive ending.

If the Korean War was a semi-disaster, then the Vietnam War was a complete fiasco. America has not yet recovered from this unfortunate, international escapade, and it could be some years before we can regain our economic stability, unity, and self-respect. What went wrong? Many things. The American citizens were never prepared for the total commitment which would have been required to end the conflict promptly. Our leaders, Democrats and Republicans alike, failed to recognize the determination and the tenacity of our North Vietnamese opponents, and the lack of this same spirit of our allies, the South Vietnamese, who from the first were only simple farmers, not soldiers and empire builders. In addition, our leadership, afraid of offending either the Russians or the Chinese, elected to wage a mini-war of containment rather than the all-out offensive tactics which have proven, in the past, to defeat the enemy. Hampered by political restraint, our military resorted to a campaign not unlike the British sorties against the rabble American Revolutionary forces. In some instances, the battles resembled the contest between Custer and Sitting Bull. Respected generals from Marshall to MacArthur have warned of the utter futility of waging a ground, jungle war against Oriental troops--it's a no-win philosophy. They were so right, and we were no match for our wily opponents, who forced us to conduct the campaign at their level and desire. America's military might was soundly defeated and physically ejected from that tiny Oriental land, a far cry from 1945.

The final outcome of our Vietnam catastrophe is stranger than fiction. It's a David-Goliath re-run, or can you imagine the Hobart football team defeating Ohio State in the Rose Bowl? Our losses in men, materials and international respect are beyond any rational accounting. Disagreement on the necessity and the conduct of the war shook our nation with dissension from sea to shining sea. This led to rioting and bloodshed on our city streets. Ultimately, President Lyndon Johnson chose not to seek re-election rather than to face certain defeat at the hands of the protesting electorate. Our economy is in shambles even to this date, due to the lack of a complete wartime national commitment as we enjoyed in World War II. In an "all-out war" played to win, no economy can provide both guns and butter. So what happened? We lost the war, depleted our manpower, wasted valuable raw materials, divided our country internally nearly to a point of civil war, lost our international image, becoming a "paper tiger" rather than a military giant, fractured our vigorous economy, and lastly, created a strong distrust in our political leadership. That was the tuition paid for the lesson learned. The United States, once the military and economic giant of the World War II era, with its Marshall Plan of foreign aid support, is no longer the policeman of the world. Is history repeating itself? The power struggle is a constantly changing scene with a new cast of characters every four or five centuries. Could it be possible we are about to see some new actors on the stage of international theatricals?

It is with sadness that I predict your generation will witness and could be participants in some global war in your future. This is a good possibility in the 21st century, and if this conflict is of such a magnitude that nuclear weapons are employed, those who survive may engage in subsequent wars with sticks and stones. This will return us to the beginning of so-called civilization-----or is it?????

(X) IS FOR XEROX, XEROX, XEROX, XEROX, ETC, ETC, ETC.

Some time ago, I told you what a problem the letter (L) was in the choice of a theme, and that was before I encountered the letter (X). This is the new champion; (X), the twenty-fourth letter in the alphabet following (W). It is the common symbol for ten and also for the unknown, or the signature for a person who cannot write his name. So, unless you happen to be a mathematics major, a Greek historian, or a tic-tac-toe player, there isn't much use for the pesky letter. I had considered just X-ing out the entire segment for my story, but surely someone would spot its absence and take me to task on the charge of negligence, at some far-off date. After some soul-searching, I have decided to face up with the challenge head-on, and have settled on a well-used Rochester word. You may have already guessed what it is--what else? Xerox, of course. A very high percentage of Rochester residents have had some experience with Xerox, and all have a story to tell. I am no exception. I have mine, and it goes something like this.

The trade-name Xerox stems from the Greek word xerography, which translated literally means dry printing. The mechanics of this process are based on the theory that electrostatic charges cause a dry ink-type powder to cling to any type of paper and in some mystic manner duplicates the copy when heat is applied to the yet unprinted surface. After several hundreds of years of printing and a few decades of conventional duplicating, this new development was destined to become nothing short of sensational. It could not have picked a better time to be created. During the last thirty years, the printed page has covered the earth like the fall leaves in Durand Eastman Park. Big government, big business, big educational programs, social clubs--all of them had an urgent message for public distribution and, more often than not, in triplicate form--especially the big government, whose grain elevator-sized warehouses are required to store the tidal wave of mostly unread printed material. The Xerox machine was the timely answer to this paper avalanche, and since its product

was the very first on the market, the word Xerox has become synonymous with the word duplicating. Now a printed copy is known as a Xerox, even though it has been made on a Japanese machine.

Would you believe it? The whole thing started right here in Rochester, New York. If you think there is never anything new under the sun, you had just better have another think, when you consider that this brand-span new invention first saw the light of day in Astoria, New York on October 22, 1938. It was on this day that one Chester Carlson produced this brief copy (10-22-38 Astoria) in a crude laboratory where he had been conducting his trial-and-error experiments in the back room of an Astoria, Long Island beauty parlor. This was the birth of what is now known as xerography (dry printing), which reproduced itself from this obscure and humble beginning into a multi-billion dollar business known now as the Xerox Corporation, whose thirty-two story office building towers over downtown Rochester.

You would never believe how Carlson made this first reproduction. Of course he was well aware of the chemical theory involved, but his initial apparatus was strictly "Rube Goldberg." He dusted a sulphur-coated plate with a rabbit's fur to create the static electricity, then coated the paper with the dry ink powder, which was then heated with a bare electric lamp to produce the now-famous image. It was not entirely unlike Ben Franklin's experiment with electricity, using the door key attached to a kite during a thunderstorm, except Carlson didn't run the risk of electrocution, using a low-voltage rabbit.

Carlson was not without considerable knowledge of his subject, since he was first of all an electrical engineer by training, and in addition, had a legal degree, which he certainly needed in his later years. In fact, at the time of his discovery he was employed as a patent lawyer by the P. R. Mallory Company, and was moonlighting as an inventor in his spare time. Consequently, he was able to secure his patent rights on every phase of his infant electrostatic device. Surprisingly, he was unable to attract the interest of any major industrial developer in the

manufacture or promotion of his patents. He was investigated and turned down by some of the best. Carlson sent out carefully composed descriptions of his invention to International Business Machines, J. H. Keeny and Co., A. B. Dick Company, RCA, and many others. The replies were quite a letdown, polite, but unenthusiastic. It was a billion dollar idea that nobody wanted.

Finally, sometime in 1944 Carlson, in desperation, placed his invention into the hands of the Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio. This organization was essentially a scientific research group, dabbling in curious inventive ideas. During this time span, the little Haloid Company in Rochester, New York was just getting by making photographic paper for the crude copying machines of that era. They were in search of an opportunity to expand and diversify their operation, and it was in this effort that Haloid's President, J. R. Wilson, learned about Carlson's printing machine. In 1947, Haloid's net income was \$138,000, and in spite of all prudent advice, Wilson negotiated a leasing agreement with Battelle, and to his credit, he refused to give up on this electrostatic toy which many thought would never be perfected and, if so, never could be sold. The doom spreaders were wrong. It was perfected, and it did sell. Thirty years later, the Xerox Corporation's annual earnings were in excess of one and one-half billion dollars.

Locally, the Xerox experience has been beyond all comprehension. Typically, the strangest people got into the act. In 1942 one share of Haloid stock was worth \$9.00 a share and not in great demand. A Rochester cab driver had the courage to buy 100 shares for \$1000, which some thirty years later had a market value of \$1,500,000. Not much later, a man sold \$30,000 worth of stock to buy a home of similar value. Had he held on to the stock, he could have lived in a million dollar house, had he chosen to invest his profit in this manner. Many of our close personal acquaintances who were employed by Haloid, and others who had the foresight and good fortune to purchase the original stock have been spectacular winners in this bonanza. This adventure is a fine example of "the right idea in the hands of the right people at the right time."

So what about my story? Well, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were patients of mine in the late 1950's, when they lived in a modest rented home on Fairport Road. He was a heavy-set man with sandy, greying hair, and had a quiet, introverted personality. I was never able to get very close to him in ordinary conversation, and even had some problem in drawing out simple information about his health history. His wife, Dorris, and a second one at that time, was a very friendly person with whom I enjoyed a more normal patient-doctor relationship. Since I have always assumed that my patients had sought my services for professional reasons, I have never made it a policy to inquire deeply into their vocations, other than to get their business telephone numbers. This philosophy was a grave error on my part. At this time Carlson was in deep financial difficulty, and had I taken my modest fee in Haloid stock, I too might have joined the ranks of future Xerox thousandaires, since a mere \$275 would have soon grown to \$350,000. In any event, when I abandoned my practice for my short army career, I referred the Carlsons to another practitioner, thus ending our relationship.

The Carlsons engaged Maurice Potter, a friend of ours, to build them a fine, but unpretentious home, just off Palmyra Road, near Pittsford. Here they lived for many years, during which Mr. Carlson spent most of the time as a consultant for the firm, a mystic interested in Oriental culture, and a philanthropist. In this latter role, he was most generous. He has been credited with the distribution of more than 100 million dollars worth of securities to various educational institutions and foundations, especially the colleges he had attended for his degrees in law and engineering. Finally, his life came to an end in a rather unusual manner. He was in New York City to receive a citation for his inventing effort, and, to spend a few idle hours on the afternoon before the presentation, he dropped into a movie while Dorris was out shopping. A stranger in the adjoining seat noticed that he had been slumped over in an awkward position for some time, and notified an usher. Upon investigation, it was discovered that the occupant, Chester Carlson, had suffered a fatal heart attack.

So, how did your Grandfather make out with Xerox? Well, this is almost the end of my story. Along in year 1966, I found that many of my friends were happy, successful Xerox stockholders, and, on numerous social gatherings, they would regale the audience with their exciting experiences in long-term gains. As you can well imagine, all of this chatter began to get to me in the form of a "left-out complex," something like a social outcast, so after some soul-searching, I decided to join the crowd and get into the action. I promptly dove right in and was soon the proud owner of eight shares of Xerox stock, which at that time was \$253 a share, for a total of \$2024. Now I became a happy member of the Xerox family, and nodded wisely as the stock quickly rose to the \$270 level, and gloated along with my friends as my eight shares split to become twenty-four. However, my joy ride on this Xerox trip was soon to become a little bumpy, as the stock began to decline a little with each passing year. Unfortunately, the condition worsened until 1975, when I was in search for any kind of a capital loss to offset some gains I had enjoyed in some other less glamorous corporate holdings. So, swallowing my pride, I disposed of my twenty-four shares of the wonder stock for \$53 each, for a total of \$1172, thus producing a handsome loss of \$852. While this move did accomplish some assistance in my quest for a long-term loss, it certainly did not improve my "left-out" inferiority complex one little bit. Up until this time, it had been almost impossible to become a "loser" in the Xerox stock market explosion. It was then very evident that by the time I had jumped on the merry-go-round, all of the brass rings had been picked up. This event did not close down the show. I was able to absorb the \$852 lesson in economics and the Xerox Corporation is still in business, its mushroom growth somewhat blighted by some severe competition, which has in effect "duplicated" its product.

The moral of this story, if any, seems to be that all things do not work out according to plan. Too often I plant the grass seed on the lawn, and it only grows on the driveway.

(Y) IS FOR YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU, AND YOU
THAT'S RIGHT -- ALL NINE OF YOU

You (you) PRON: the person or persons spoken to.
A person or persons generally (you never can tell!)
or Yours, Pron., that or those belonging to you.

If you don't believe the above, just look (YOU) up in the dictionary. Another place where you can actually see you is in the mirror. Since I can have my druthers, I am going to devote the segment (Y) to you and yours, but mostly about you. It's about time, for I now realize that I have wasted too many words on me, us, they, and way back when.

YOU are something new in this world. There never has been anything like YOU and there never will be throughout all of the ages to come. The science of genetics reveals that YOU are the result of a union of forty-eight chromosomes, twenty-four from your mother, and a like number from your father. Within a single chromosome, there can be hundreds of genes, with a single gene able to change your life as an individual. Consider this fact: your very birth was but one chance in three hundred million, or if you had as many as three hundred million brothers and sisters, they might have been all different from YOU. The best example of these proportions will be found in your fingerprints. No living person has the same print as YOU, and unless YOU happen to have an identical twin, no one looks exactly like YOU. You really are something special--so, what are YOU going to do about it?

Your trip through life's experience will be directed by three major factors: heredity, environment, and your ability to exploit your own latent talents. There is no reliable information recommending the exact proportions of these three ingredients to make the human pudding more palatable. YOU have already been served your helping of heredity over which YOU have had no choice or control, and the same applies to the factor of environment to a certain degree, during your formative years. On both of these scores you have been fortunate, for you have

had a good mix of both; your family trees have been reasonably free of bad apples, having produced citizens of average stability, intelligence, and ambition, and your early childhood has been subjected to excellent supervision and care.

Heredity is an interesting subject. In controlled animal culture, cultivated strains have produced unusual specimens of the same species. For example, Colonel Sanders' chickens have a special pedigree to produce his eatable "fingerlickin' good" quick food item in a short growing period, using a minimum of chicken food. However, these are eating chickens, and are not known for their egg-laying reputation. Thoroughbred race horses have been carefully selected from stock having a long record of being fleet of foot over short racetrack distances. This genetical manipulation has been successful in producing a specialized animal that can deliver the desired performance with amazing regularity. Similarly, what has been gained in the short distance sprint has been lost in gentleness, strength and durability. They tend to be high-spirited, temperamental and emotional. The human animal is subject to similar ancestral input, so you may be fortunate that your family trees have not produced all 24-carat golden apples.

Now we arrive at the last, but the most important ingredient---YOU---and your ability to exploit your own natural talents which have already been seeded in your heredity and early environment. What will YOU do? What will YOU be? It's up to YOU. In these twenty-six segments, I have opened a few doors, just a crack, to let you peek in for a look at the historical era in my life's experience. In no way do I suggest that you follow my example, or even my suggestions, for we are dealing with unmeasurable goals, often known as success and happiness. Each of these intangible rewards present a different thought in the mind of the beholder, and too often we relate the achievement of these goals in terms of material wealth. This is just not true. The only place that success and happiness comes before work is in the dictionary. True success and happiness come only from the inner joy and satisfaction generated by the accomplish-

ment of the completed task whatever it might be. Any gain in material wealth along the way will be only a fringe benefit.

As I view your future as compared to my past in this new and changing world, I am green with envy at your opportunities. YOU have at your disposal a giant blank canvas on which YOU can fashion an artistic masterpiece embellished with your own talent, ambition and imagination. Embossed on this fabric will be a design reflecting the character of the artist to include such values as industry, thought, patience, generosity, humility and compassion.

This record will live on in the memories of your peers and contemporaries, and mostly within the deep reaches of your conscience. This alone is a reward surpassing the shallow, gilded glamour of material gain, for your contribution will endure as a monument of increasing intrinsic value.

If YOU are to taste success and enjoy true happiness, no one can do it for YOU. This is a "do it yourself project." The secret? "BE YOUR OWN SELF." Norman Vincent Peale puts it nicely, "YOU are not what YOU think you are, but what YOU THINK.. YOU are."

YOU can do it--start right now!!

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill
 Be a scrub in the valley--but be
 The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
 Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass
 And some highway happier make;
 If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass--
 But be the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew
 There's something for all of us here
 There's big work to do and there's lesser to do
 And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
 If you can't be the sun, be a star
 It isn't the size that you win or fail---
 Be the best of whatever -YOU- are.

Courtesy: Douglas Malloch

(Z), the 26th letter of the alphabet, seems to have presented a little problem even to Webster, so I don't feel too badly about the scarcity of possible titles for this, the final chapter. Sister Janet suggests that I concentrate on Zeno, a pre-Socratic philosopher, born in 490 B.C. He was best remembered for his theory of several paradoxes. For example: "The arrow in flight is at rest." "At any given moment it must occupy a space equal to itself." "Therefore it cannot move." How about that? At best, it makes me feel a bit more comfortable with some of my own philosophies discussed in the previous 25 chapters. Naturally, and with great humility, I feel well qualified in the philosopher's union, as described by Webster, who characterizes a philosopher as "one who meets difficulties with calm composure." He also includes several other qualifications which I elect to ignore completely. However, I do find the life and times of these Greek philosophers most interesting and informative. They are credited with the original (recorded) development of mathematics, science, political science, social mores, and esthetics. You should spend just a little time reading about their achievements. You will find that their era is almost an "instant replay" of social and political problems, which have been passed down through the centuries to every succeeding geographical culture in a repeating and similar pattern. The pattern of history is woven in the cultural rise and fall of such one-time giant societies which existed in China, Egypt, Greece, Persia (now Iran), Rome, Spain, England, France, and even little Holland. They have all had their day in the sun. We have the wonderful opportunity to live in the 20th century as citizens of the United States. In the time-span of a mere 3000 years, our infant democracy (or republic, as Ben Franklin noted) is only 200 years old, as of July 4, 1976. Most of you will remember that day with all of the celebrations, parades, speeches, tall ships, and I'm sure your fondest memories will be the night-time display of fireworks, which you enjoyed after a day of family picnics.

I hope you will forgive me if I hurriedly pass over the (Z's), and allow me to repeat the letter (O), but this time for Omega, which of course is the last word in the Greek alphabet. This will make my peace with Sister Janet and her Zeno, and allow me to continue along with this last segment of what now evidently will become, "Life can be as simple as Alpha Beta Omega." This will indicate to a multitude of non-believers that even in my declining years I can still face up to and accept change. As a final concession to those ancient Greeks, wherever they are, I would like to include a quote from one Epicurus in 300 B.C.:

Remember that the future is neither entirely ours,
so that we may neither count on it as sure to come,
nor abandon of it as certainly not to be.

Hopefully, the topic of this segment, loosely translated, may end up something like this. While Omega may denote some kind of an ending, there is always hope for the future, and especially your future. While this is not a threat, at this moment I have every intention that, while Omega really means the conclusion of this thesis, I'm still considering the possibility of an Epilogue, along with postscripts numbered 1-100. As the Greeks have put it in many ways, "nothing is finite."

In an effort to re-focus on the original objectives of this entire effort, I would like to get back on course. As you may recall, on page 1, starting on Christmas Day in 1977, I received a request from Grandson Alan C. Whitney to chronicle some of the events and observations which I had accumulated over my lifetime. It was an interesting assignment. The suggestion stimulated my thinking down the avenues of our family history, and the relationship of my generation to the exciting changes which have occurred during the past five decades within my memory span. This I have attempted to do within the limits of my mental recall and questionable literary talent. Having been a grandchild myself, I am aware this information will not be of earthshaking importance for at least five more decades. However, consider the time factor. I am working on this chapter on March 4, 1980, at the beginning of a new decade. At this time our youngest

grandchild, Sean Whitney, is about three years old. When he is fifty-three years old and begins to ponder the "State of the World," it will then be March 4, 2030. I hope this documentation of my era will serve as a comparison of events which will certainly alter the character and lifestyle of the Whitney clan. I would be overjoyed if succeeding generations would add to and continue this record, by adding additional chronological chapters.

So again, where are we on March 4, 1980? I have a feeling that the preceding chapters of this opus have been heavily weighted in favor of the scientific and mechanical apparatus changes throughout the planet (perhaps this is due to my natural attraction to this phenomena); when, in fact, one of the most significant changes has taken place in the social and political climate in which we live. It is astounding when I consider that the United States as a political being made its presence known only about 130 years before I was born. Incredible, when compared to the past 3000 years of primitive recorded history! Incredible--when you consider that your ancestors (as described by your Grandmother Whitney under the segment entitled [U]) arrived on the scene a mere 300 years ago. Your forebears did not arrive first class. They were, for the most part, boat people, as referred to today; pseudo-refugees and immigrants, so to speak, from their native land (England), in search of a more rewarding way of life. They were rich only in courage, ambition, spirit and expectation; their net worth was carried in the tattered clothes on their backs and a very few belongings. In short, they were fleeing from an oppressive, static class-oriented government, in spite of the edict of Magna Carta in 1066. They were seeking freedom: freedom of choice, freedom of thought; freedom of religious belief; freedom from want. ALL of these dreams were lumped into a package called liberty; most of all "LIBERTY"--they would be heard to say--"Give us Liberty, or give us death," and they practiced what they preached.

During the era from 1770-1812, many of the hardy settlers, including some of your ancestors, kept the faith and did exchange

their lives for this elusive thing called "LIBERTY," and for those who had the good fortune to survive the revolt against English rule. Was their sacrifice and dedication really justified? Was it worth the effort and was the ultimate outcome anything other than an unqualified success? The answer is a resounding YES! By all previous standards of comparison, the Republic they created was a virtuoso performance in the annals of history.

It is traditional that all Americans are club conscious. It only takes about ten citizens with a common interest to quickly set up some kind of an organization, complete with a constitution, by-laws, officers, dues, minutes, and committees (which in turn waste hours and keep minutes), and, of course, there has to be some kind of a quasi-charity to be supported by pancake dinners. This may have all started with the early colonists who suddenly had the urge to do their thing. In any event, after considerable bickering (as still exists), they hatched a nest full of new strange birds. These new creatures were called officers, Congress, and a Supreme Court, all held in place by a document known as a Constitution. It was, to their credit, surprisingly short and to the point, starting out with a preamble, which was followed by a main body, termed Articles. In a political sense, it was a 17th century Ten Commandments done in parchment, rather than stone. Evidently the makers expected some changes, which did come along in later years in the form of Amendments.

This simple document has proved to be the bedrock of our present form of government. When asked what it was, Ben Franklin responded, "We have given you a Republic, if you can keep it." It has survived the stresses of 200 years, and for the most part, it is still intact, but subject to slight shading in its interpretation by several Supreme Court decisions, often by only a 5-4 vote. This divergence of opinion is so typical in the democratic process. However, in spite of this phenomenon, I think Franklin would still recognize the original intentions, which sounded something like this. The message of our Constitution

was greatly endowed in favor of the individual and the protection of his personal rights. "Government of the people and for the people." The message was very clear. The government should provide an Army and Navy for defense, but not much more. The citizens asked for no bureaucratic regulations, no relief, no food stamps, no handouts, and most of all, no "BIG BROTHER" to meddle in their personal affairs. They were in search of FREEDOM from too much government. While they wished to be free, they still wanted to have a firm control over the affairs of state; hence a Democracy. They had had their fill of "Taxation without Representation," and had dumped a boatload of tea into the salty Boston Harbor to emphasize the point. Make no mistake about it, some of your ancestors were rebels and participated in a revolt against what they thought was an oppressive English government. They were America's "Rabble in Arms," and, right or wrong, this cycle of events established a new social system under which you now live.

Again, I must apologize for this lengthy preamble, and perhaps I should have taken a lesson from the authors of the Constitution. However, my intent is to build a conclusion, summarizing the observations during my lifetime.

Frankly, I am concerned about the erosion of freedom in these United States. I can hear you say, "Well, that comes as no surprise. All of the old folks are out of touch with reality of the times," and in some respects, I will have to agree with you on that premise. However, it is no secret that many of life's values held dear to the founders of our country are now becoming diluted with new social philosophies which could be valid to a degree, as social changes occur. The very freedoms that your ancestors fought and gave their lives for are slowly being usurped by strong central government regulations. Our legislative bodies claim that the citizens are demanding new socialistic schemes to be financed and administrated by a benevolent government which, unfortunately has no money in its own right. Funds to support these paternalist programs can be supplied from only two sources: the direct and indirect taxation

of our citizens and by deficit spending financed by the printing of unsecured paper money, which quickly leads to uncontrolled inflation; too much money chasing too few goods.

The system of Free Enterprise as envisioned, cultured and practiced by our forebears created an economy and a standard of living which has been the wonder and envy of the world. Granted, nothing can be perfect, including Free Enterprise. It worked out especially well in America's pioneer days as a cottage type of industry and living, which was basically simple, as it engaged the entire family as a productive unit. In that era food, shelter and clothing was the ultimate goal. They were blessed with a land abundant with raw materials which were, for the most part, free for anyone with ambition to exploit the opportunity. Nature's law of the survival of the fittest without restraint or regulation was allowed to operate with success until the rural population finally turned urban.

Having covered the sequence of change in other segments, I will not linger in rehashing the transition of political evolution from then until now. As a witness and a participant of the Great Depression starting in 1930, which spawned the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and the Great Society, I have had considerable personal experience and memories of those trying years. The main architects of these experiments have been a liberal Democratic Party, which has been in the public's favor for about five decades. The loyal opposition has been a more conservative Republican Party who, for many reasons, has never been able to generate a majority support to sustain them in office for a long period of leadership. Consequently, they have been "In or Out," and mostly out. Over the years, I have been able to agree with the platforms of both parties. Like everything else in human relationship, the difference is a matter of degree. Certainly in a society of some 200,000,000 souls, there has to be some organization to prevent sheer anarchy, disorder and chaos. Without even a simple code of ethics, we would soon be living like animals in a jungle. However, even the blandest of governments requires some direction of individual activity to be super-

vised by a designated central authority. The issue today is just how much of this authority should any government have over the personal rights and freedoms of its citizens. Over the last fifty years our government has grown into a benevolent monster which oversees our lives from the cradle to the grave, and at an expense that most of us can no longer afford. Currently, the American worker contributes at least four months of his annual income to satisfy his government's fiscal appetite. Arising from this period of social change has surfaced an era of so-called "New Despotism." It is characterized by big government control through regulation agencies, federal bureaucracies, high taxes and spending, inflation, public debt, low industrial productivity, unemployment, and the decline of the American dollar. Now, in 1981, a wave of conservatism seems to be washing over the nation. Spokesmen for this current minority are the newly elected Republican President Ronald Reagan, an ex-Secretary of Treasury William E. Simon, and Milton Friedman, the economist, just to name a few. I can agree with many of their observations, and they explain it much better than I. Consequently, the next few paragraphs are direct quotes from their books and speeches.

For example, William E. Simon says:

It is often said by people who receive warnings about declining freedom in America that such a change is preposterous, that there is no freer society on earth. That is true in one sense, but it is immensely deceptive. There has never been such freedom in America to speak freely. Indeed, to wag one's tongue in the hearing of the entire nation, to publish anything and everything, including the most scurrilous gossip, to take drugs and to prate to children about their alleged pleasures, to propagandize for bizarre sexual practices, to watch bloody and obscene entertainment. Conversely, compulsion rules the world of work. There has never been so little freedom before in America to plan, to save, to invest, to build, to produce, to hire, fire, to resist coercive unionization, to exchange goods and services, to risk, to profit, and to grow. There is a growing cynicism about democracy. Profit has become an evil word. Productivity and its growth must be the first economical consideration at all times, not the last.

The equality peddled by egalitarianism is not the equality referred to in the American Constitution, although history is being rapidly rewritten to suggest that it is. When they declared that "All men were created equal," they meant something quite revolutionary at that time: They meant that men were created equal before the law, that no legal chains forged by ancestry or caste should bind any individual to a permanent underclass. They meant that men should share in equal opportunity to face the challenges of life, each free to achieve what he could and rise to a level by his own wit, effort and merit.

The "ethics" of egalitarianism must be repudiated. Achievers must not be penalized, or parasites rewarded if we aspire to a healthy, productive and ethical society. Able bodied citizens must work to sustain their lives to save for their old age.

End of quotes, to which your Grandfather says a loud AMEN!

There is increasing evidence that our American democratic Free Enterprise system of co-existence is beginning to show signs of disintegration, if not actual breakdown. Much of this creeping syndrome has surfaced during my lifetime, and I view this spector with wonder, alarm, concern, and regret. May I hasten to add that our United States has no patent on this course of events, for it is a worldwide problem. There is no secret about the causes of this trend: the steadily increasing population has led to a wall-to-wall "People Pollution." There are too many of us. In the year of 1900, our planet was inhabited by 1,608 million humans. By the year 2000, the census is estimated to be 6,280 million. At this rate of increase, in another 600 years (2600), each human will have barely one square yard of living space. At this very moment we are seeing some of the symptoms caused by competition of human communal existence in all parts of the world. Living in the United States, we are aware only of some of these trends, which I will point out and discuss superficially.

I am concerned with the "Now Generation," in which material wealth, pleasure and self-gratification, with no regard for the

consequences, is becoming the accepted lifestyle for Americans of all ages. The treasures of life used to come as a reward for work, thrift, patience, honesty, and self-sacrifice. They are now expected to be delivered as a meal in a fast-food restaurant, where everyone not only insists on being served immediately, but first.

I am disturbed by the "Permissive Generation," where everyone is not only permitted, but encouraged, to do his own thing. From infancy, old-fashioned disciplines have been removed from the growing-up experience. Even simple discipline is now thought to inhibit the child's ego and suppress his natural personality. This theory has spawned a generation who has turned our public school systems into concrete zoos in which the keepers cower in secluded shelters, in fear of reprisal from the human animals they are expected to train. The "open classroom" can be an experience for the new observer. This lack of discipline both at home and in the school permeates the very structure of our society, threatening basic individual and property rights. This fact makes its presence felt on our streets, where vandalism and crime have driven the peace-loving citizens behind locked doors. Even our legal statutes have been shaded in favor of the lawless. Under the guise of the new civil rights, the mugger is back on the street practicing his trade before his victim has been discharged from the hospital's intensive-care ward.

I am most upset with the "Filth Mongers" hiding behind a recent liberal interpretation of the First Amendment, which does in effect guarantee Freedom of Speech, and has been weakened to include the printed word. Pornography in the form of sex novels, magazines, movies and television are available for all to witness. A novel without sex, adventure, and every conceivable four-letter word would soon be covered with dust and cobwebs at the local bookstore where, by comparison, the current best seller would make Lady Chatterley's Lover sound like a nursery story. I have quoted William E. Simon in a previous paragraph, in which he registers violent objection to this practice. I could not agree more. This filth is irresponsible, distasteful, unnecessary,

and serves but one purpose--to coin billions of dollars for the unconscionable merchants of this material.

I am saddened by the tarnish appearing on such noble words and phrases as quality, warranty, guarantee, work ethic, contract, love, honor, respect, reliability, responsibility, "his word is as good as his bond," just to name a few. The art of craftsmanship has long since disappeared from the art of mechanical assembly. Most of our goods and services come with a built-in obsolescence. Our tradesmen consider a job half done is--all done. Even medical treatment is now dispensed on a specialized assembly line time schedule; no one gets to see the whole machine any more. America is credited for devising time-saving gadgets, unbelievably scientific and so complicated that they are in need of constant repair. The new economic barons today are the service repair persons who arrive a day late for a thirty-minute adjustment on the family dishwasher, which just happens to be one week over the warranty period. After collecting the \$65 check for the half hour's service, the parting repairman's words are: "Well, they don't build them like they used to." They sure don't.

I regret the disintegration of the American family structure, for the greatness of our nation was built by the sturdy, durable and lasting family unit. "For better and for worse, through sickness and health, until death do us part," the traditional sacred vows exchanged at the altar, have become a mockery in reality. The frequency of divorce in these United States has risen at an astounding rate. The resonant sound of the wedding bells are hardly stilled until the separation notice appears in the Legal Daily Record. It is only a question of time until the marriage certificate will come with a detachable change-of-ownership coupon. In fact, the monogamous concept of male and female relationship is now being legally circumvented.

The unfortunate innocent victims of this "marry in haste and repent at leisure" wedded bliss are the progeny resulting from this brief association. As second and third husbands and wives appear on the scene, the children are shuffled to and fro

from home to home of the several parents, and are often faced with the possibility of as many as eight to ten grandparents. Soon the family tree starts to resemble a bramblebush. Now comes the most serious consequence of this confusion. Security, respect and emotional stability has its beginning in the cradle. It is difficult for the broken home to provide this environment, so is it any wonder that the product of this surrounding has problems in adjusting to the rational demands of a youthful and adult world? In addition, this impressionable youngster gets the notion that his parent's lifestyle is typical of the average American household. Hence, following such an example, he is prone to continue life in a similar pattern.

Should this trend continue, and considering that the population increases at a geometric progression, the housing shortage will cease to be a problem. There won't be anyone home anymore.

"EPILOGUE"

Just in case you might have the impression that "Poor Old Grandpa" is about to resign from the human race, fear not, for such is not the case. You have asked me for some of my lifetime observations, and I have dutifully completed the assignment. To end this saga on a hopeful note, I have also observed that styles and fads, along with social and political changes, operate with a pendulum effect (see Balance, under segment B). It is only a question of time when many of these concerns which I have noted will be replaced by others, some better and some worse. Just wait and see.

As a final, I would like to end with two quotes. The first from Kurt Waldheim, currently the Secretary-General of the United Nations. He says, "In my experience, nothing is less realistic than cynicism or defeatism and nothing more enduring than a practical and enduring idealism." I agree.

Now as a final, final, which I am finalizing on March 18, 1981. Two weeks ago, Walter Cronkite, a fine anchorman for CBS News, retired after many years of service. He always concluded

his evening news report with this sentence, "And that's the way it is." Your Grandfather, at the conclusion of his report, will use the same sentence, but with the change of only one word: "And that's the way it was."

FINAL--FINAL--FINAL

As of this date, March 18, 1981, the roll call of grandchildren to whom this book is directed would include:

Alan C. Whitney	14	Lane W. Ulrich	11
Susan J. Whitney	14	Erin H. Whitney	10
Sarah W. Whitney	11	Ann M. Whitney	7
Carin G. Whitney	6		
Trenton L. Ulrich	4		
Sean S. Whitney	3		

Additional arrivals will be listed in space below.
And that will be a Final-Final-Final-Final!!